



SWING SISSON



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BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

SM
★
11
QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

NOVEMBER
No. 116

The **DOLL MAN**

matches fists with
ELBOWS!

10¢



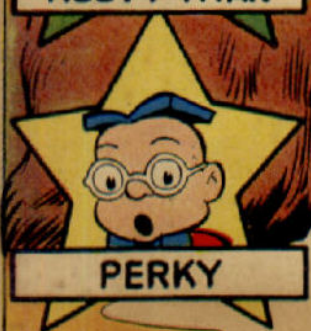
BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY





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IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois
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The DOLL MAN



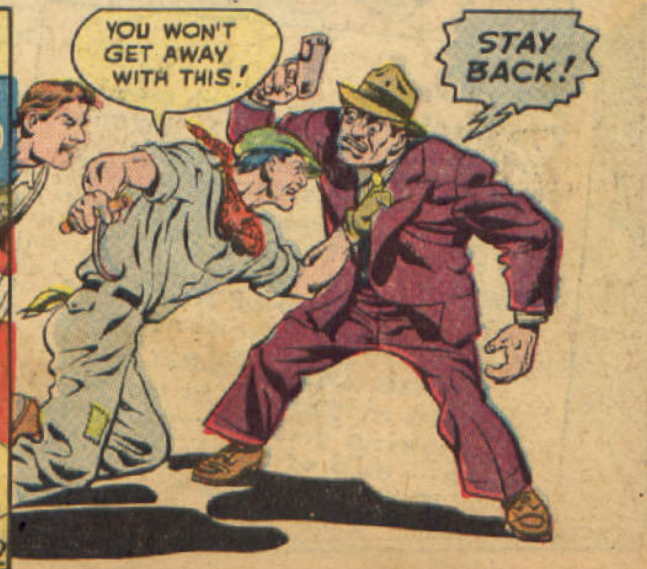
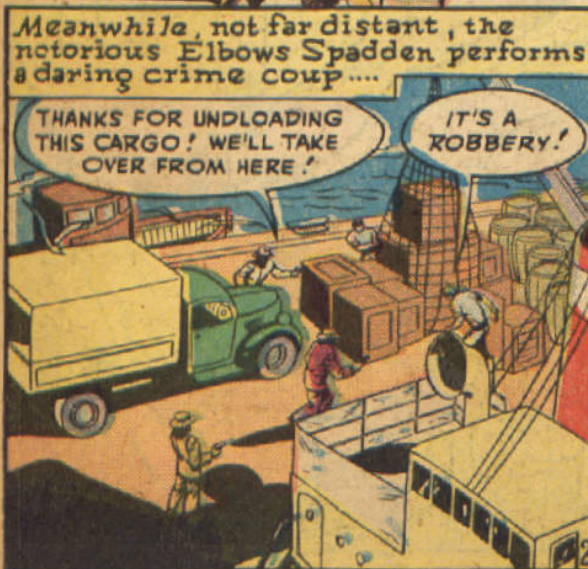
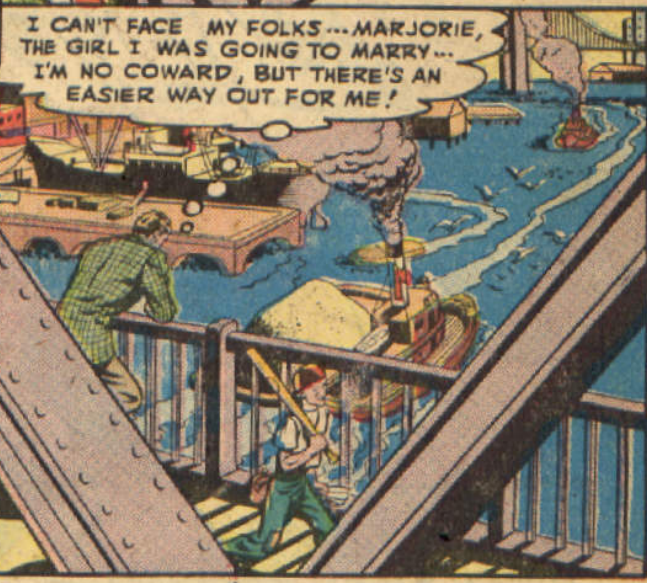
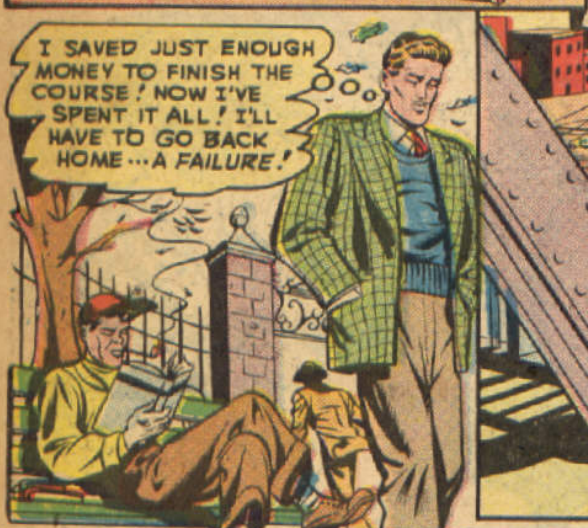
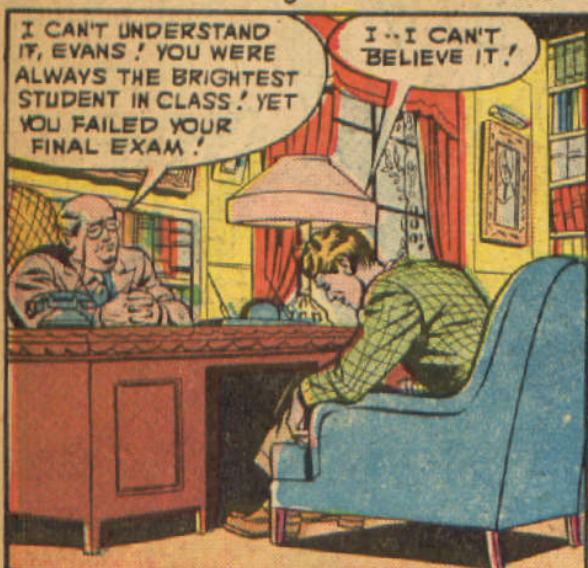
M.D.!

The magic initials which stand for Doctor of Medicine! No one can reckon how much those initials mean in terms of self-sacrifice, courage, and unswerving devotion to the art of healing!

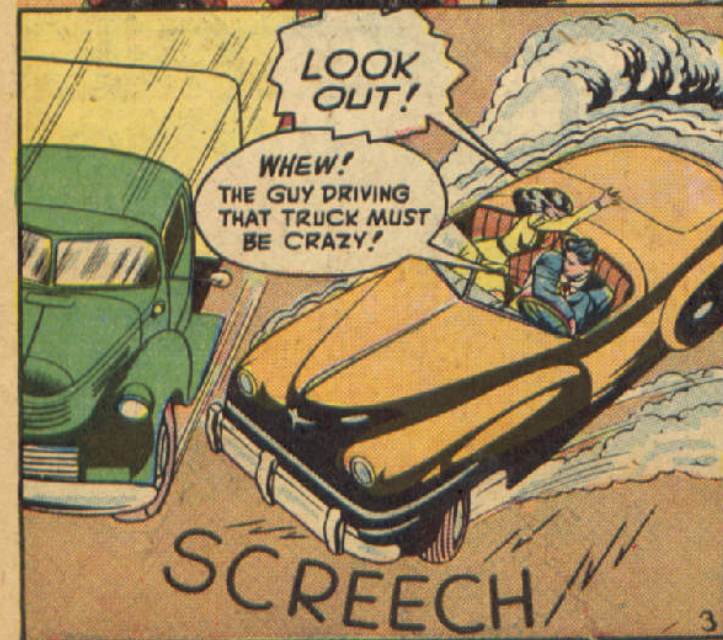
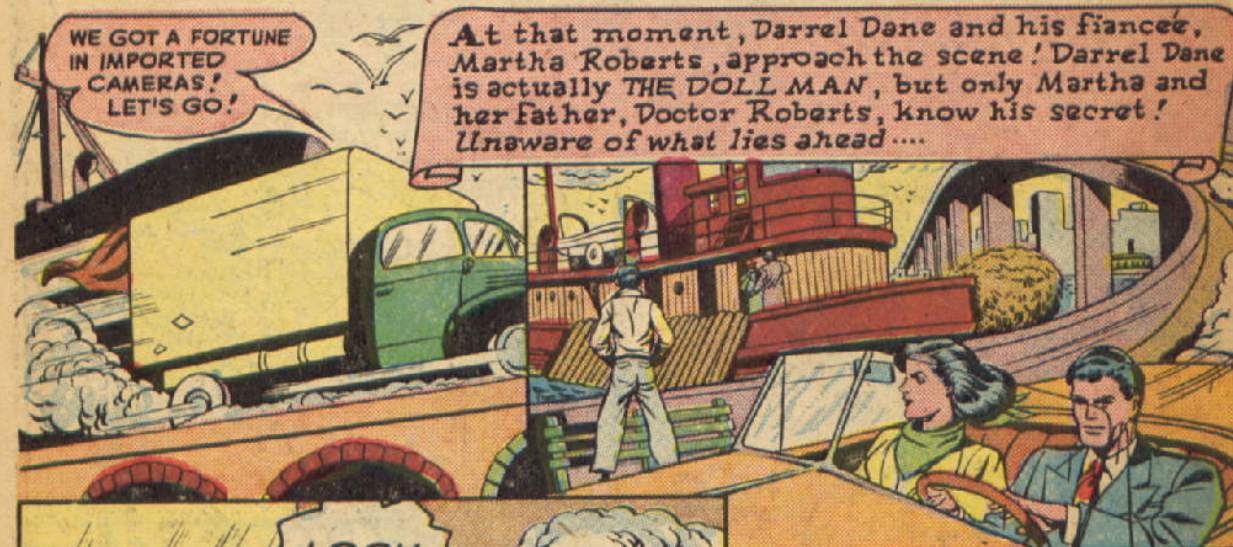
This is the story of Roy Evans, M.D., and of the exciting part **The Doll Man**, world's mightiest mite, played in making his dream come true.... and of a ruffian called **ELBOWS!**

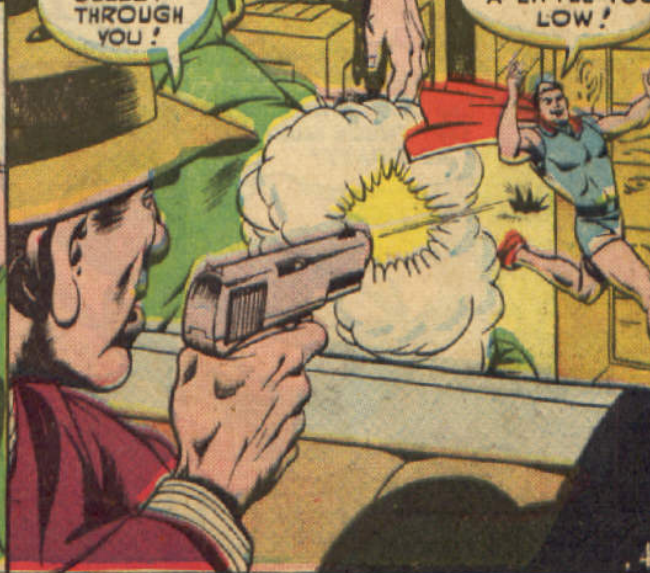
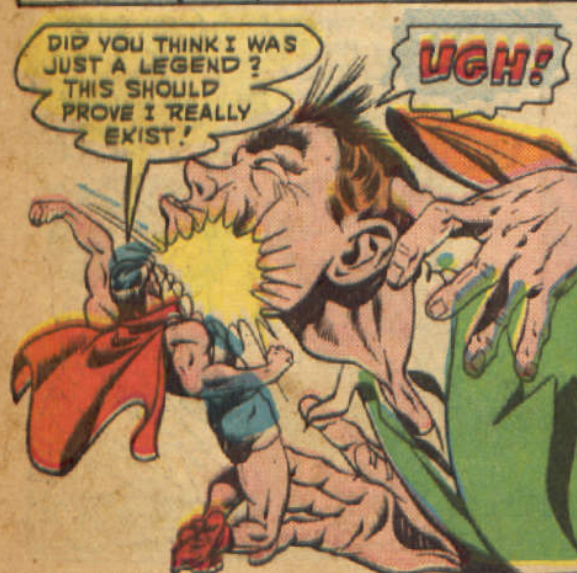
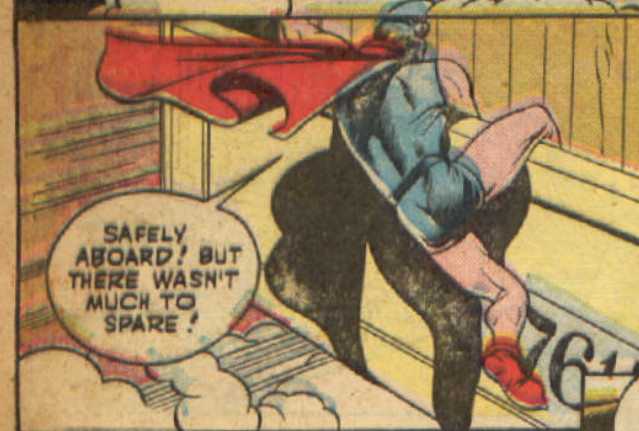
FEATURE COMICS

At State University's medical school....

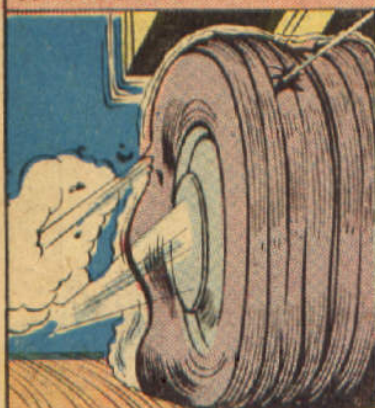


FEATURE COMICS



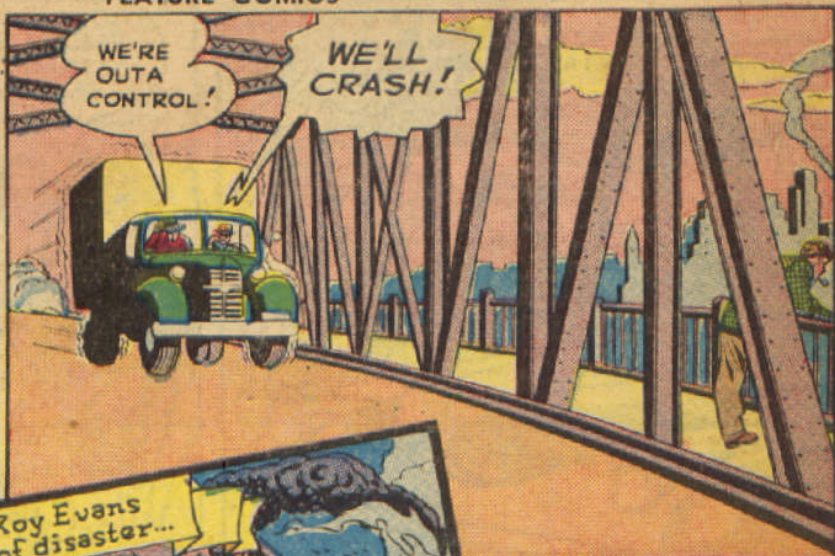


The wayward bullet blows out one of the truck's rear tires...



WE'RE
OUTA
CONTROL!

WE'LL
CRASH!



As fate would have it, Roy Evans
is present at the scene of disaster...

CRASHH!

SOMEBODY'S
CERTAIN TO BE
HURT IN THAT
WRECK!

GET ME...
OUTA HERE!
I FEEL ALL
BROKEN UP...
INSIDE...

THE TRUCK'S
ON FIRE!

I'LL
TRY TO
SAVE THE
OTHERS!

NEVER MIND
THEM! THE COPS
WILL BE HERE ANY
SECOND! ME AN'
LOUIE GOTTA LAM
IN A HURRY! AND
YOU'RE GONNA
HELP US!

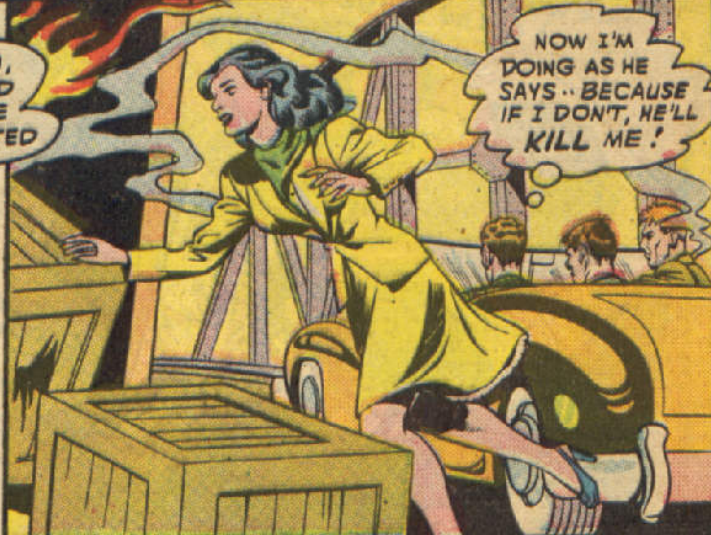
BUT--BUT
WHAT CAN I
DO?

HERE COMES
A CAR! FLAG
IT DOWN! THEN
I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT TO DO
NEXT!

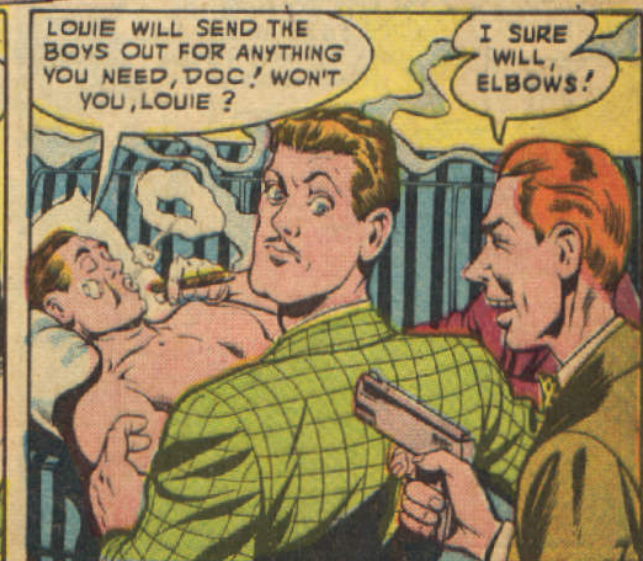
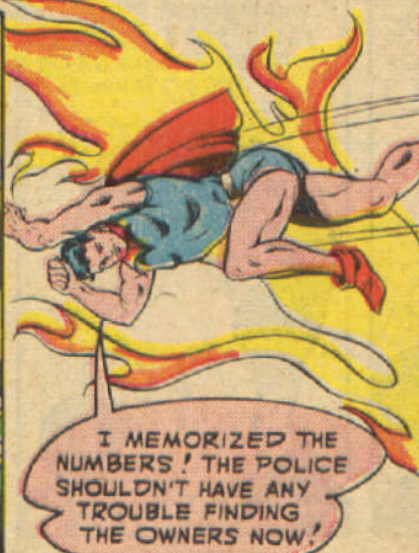
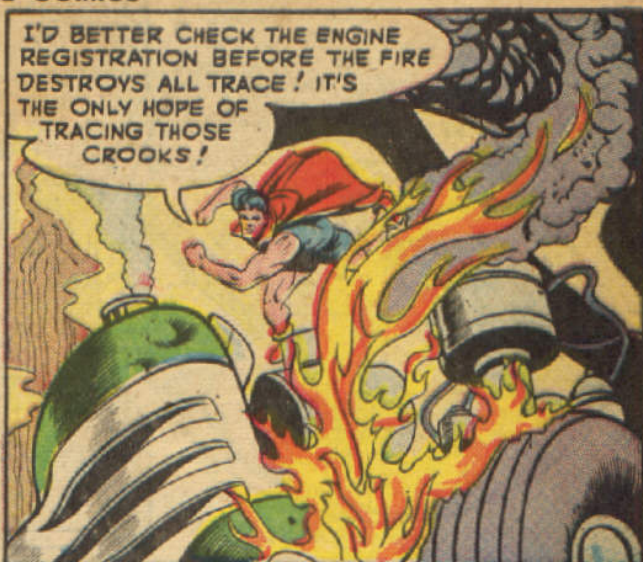
THE DOLL MAN WAS
IN THAT TRUCK! I
MUST FIND OUT IF
HE'S ALL RIGHT!

STOP!



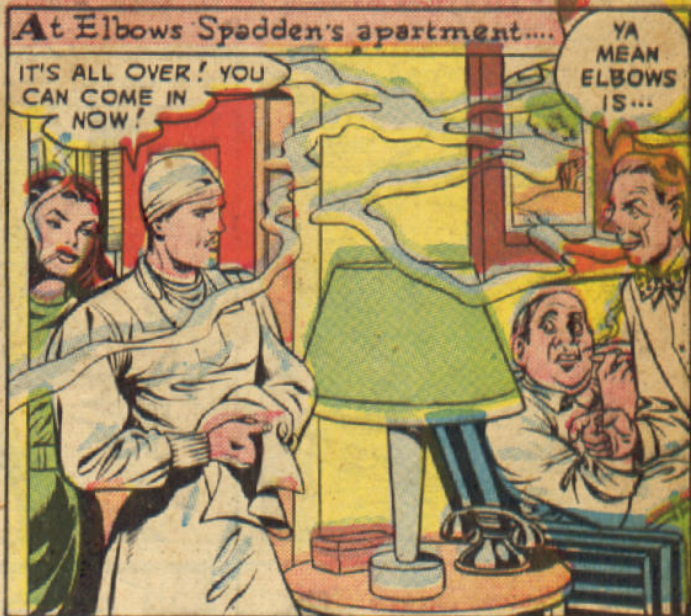


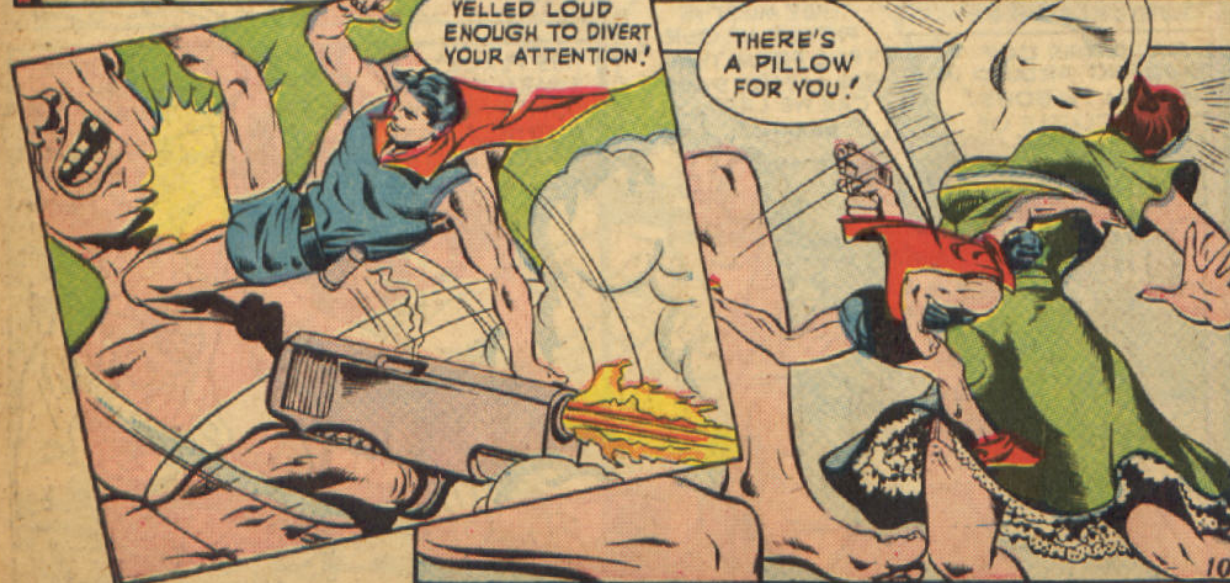
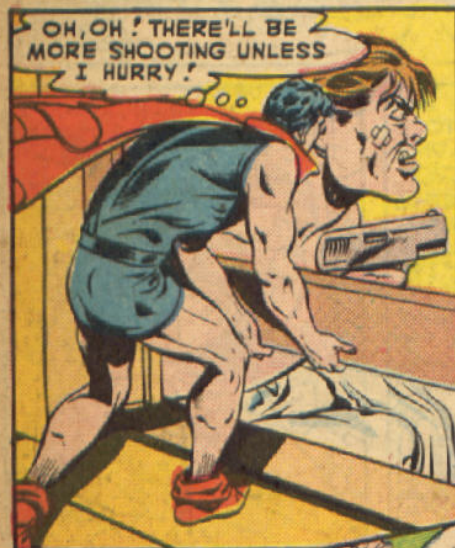
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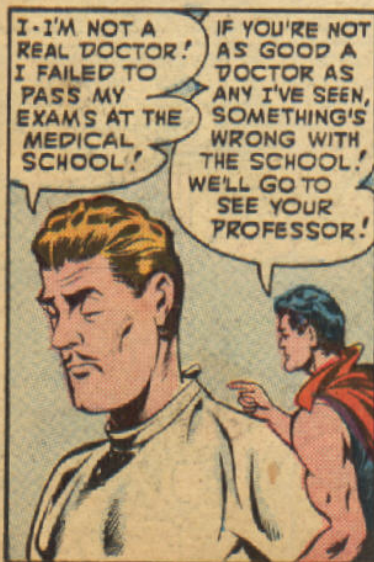
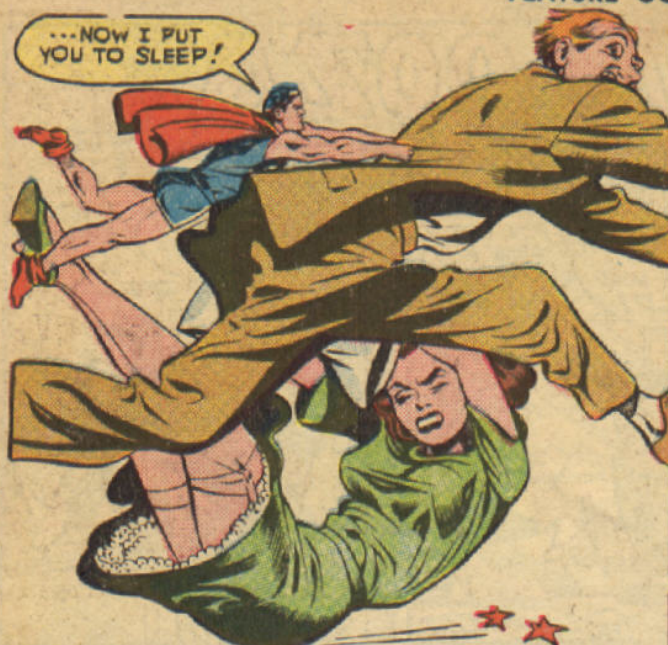


FEATURE COMICS









LALA PALOOZA

THE IDEA OF CHARGIN' ME INCOME TAX FOR THAT LITTLE BIT I EARNED IN THE POOL ROOM THE LAST FOUR YEARS!

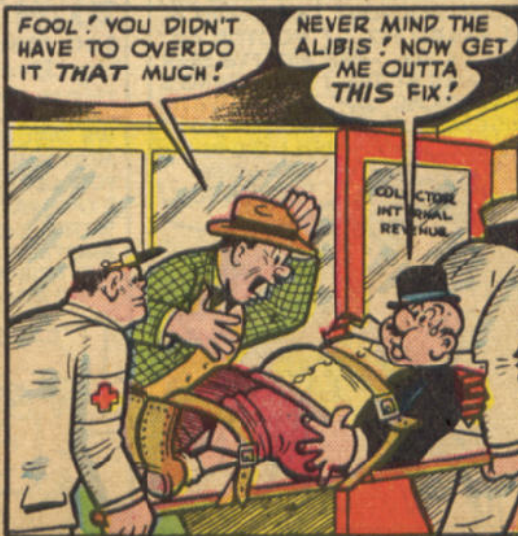
DON'T WORRY, VINCE! YOU WAIT OUTSIDE! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE BIRDS!

YES, MY CLIENT PALOOZA, ISN'T REALLY RESPONSIBLE! HE'S THE ARTIST TYPE, YOU KNOW! HE HAS THE MIND OF A CHILD!

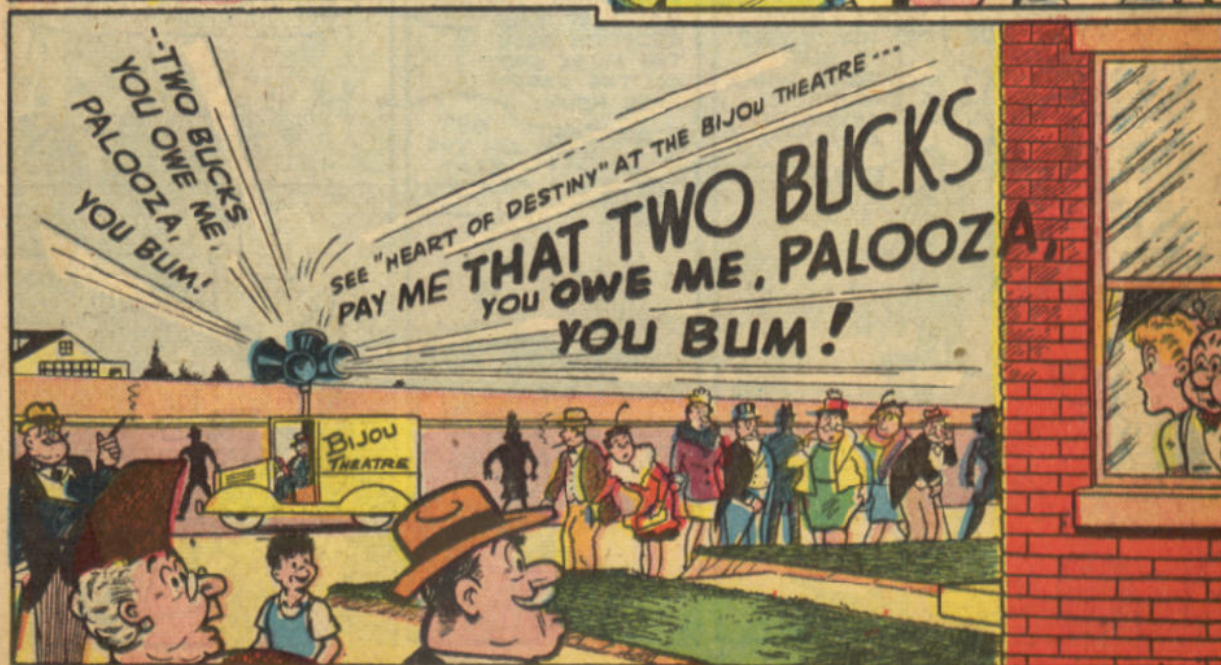
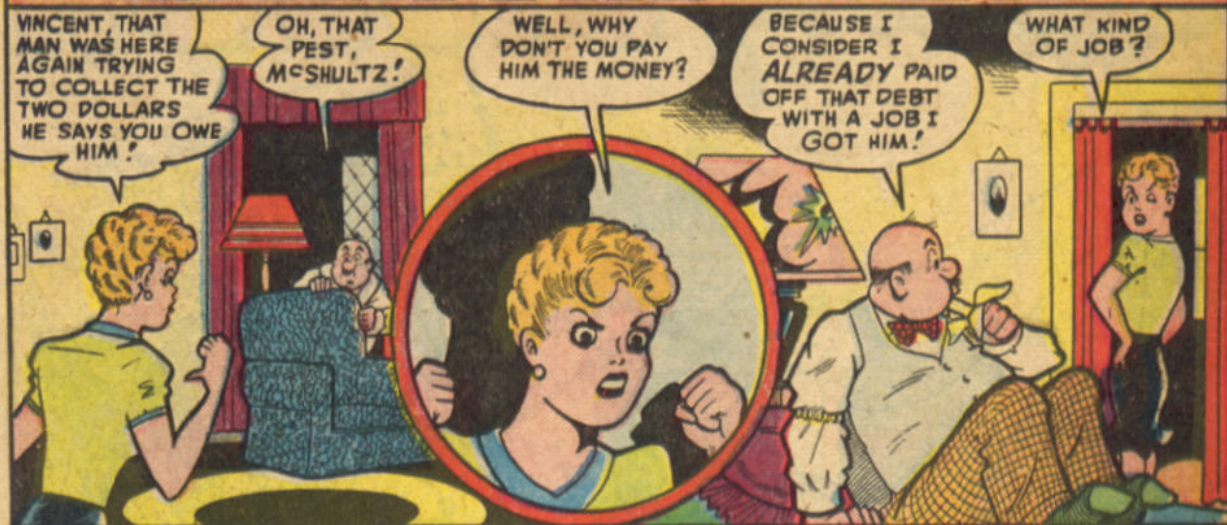
WELL, HE'S GONNA FACE SOME STIFF PENALTIES FOR NOT FILIN' A RETURN!

BUT HE'S INNOCENT OF ANY INTENTIONAL WRONG! REALLY, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HIM... THE MIND OF A CHILD, HONEST!

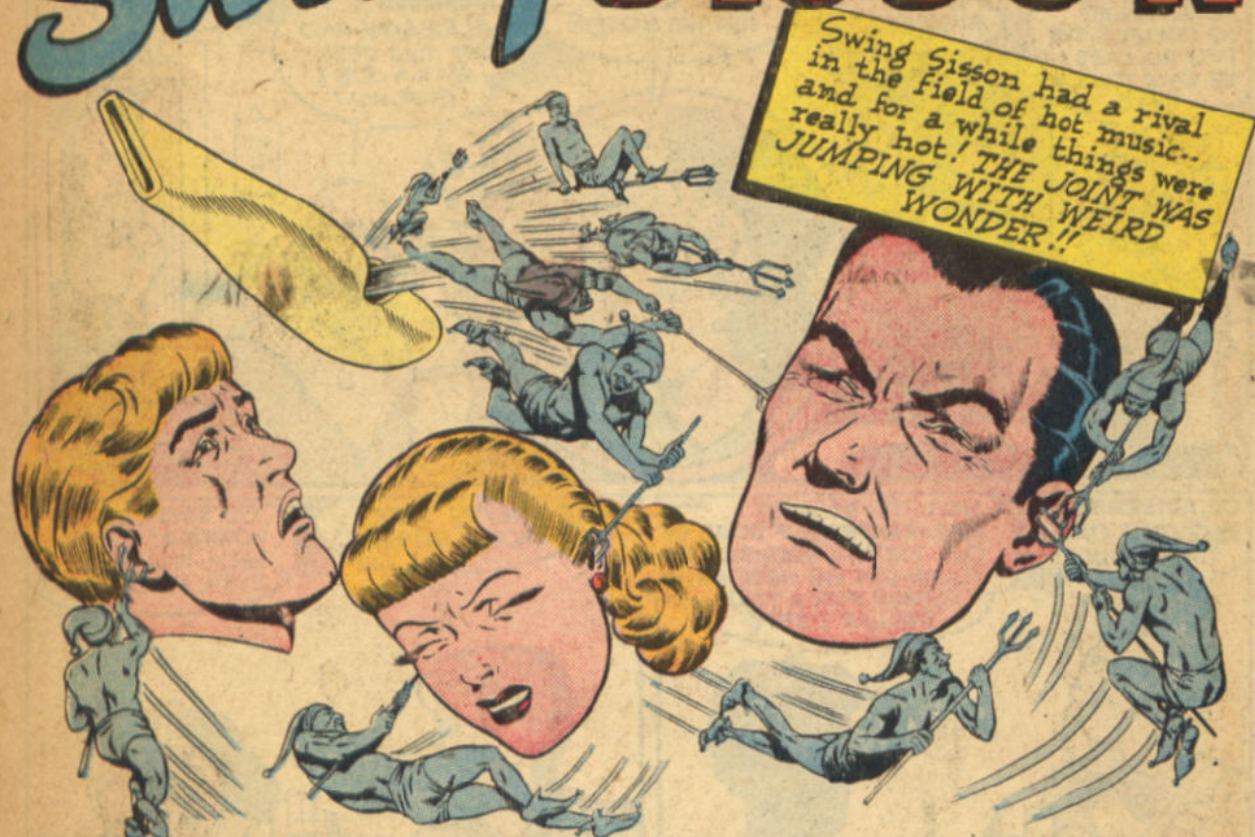
HMPF! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!



LALA PALOOZA



Swing Sisson



Audition hour at station ZXI...

HI, SWING! GONNA GO UP AGAINST ME FOR THIS RADIO SPOT? TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T BRING SOME MUSICIANS!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SWING! HE'S SLIP MOMBONE, WHICH IS ENOUGH TO CONDEMN ANYBODY!



YOU'RE ON, SWING! REMEMBER, THE BEST BAND AT THIS AUDITION GETS THE MUSIC SPOT ON THE HAPPY HALL HOUR!

GET ON THE BEAT, FELLOWS!



WHAT'S WRONG? WE CAN'T BE THAT CORNY!







FOLKS, WE'VE GOT A REALLY GREAT MUSICIAN HERE TONIGHT-- SLIP MO'ABONE, SOON TO BE FEATURED ON THE HAPPY HALL RADIO SHOW! GIVE HIM A HAND!

THANKS, CUSTOMERS! AND WHILE YOU'RE GIVING, GET READY TO GIVE SWINGS SISSON A HANDOUT!



BECAUSE SOON HE'LL BE BEGGING HIS BREAD IN THE STREETS! HE'S FROM CORN-- BUT **CORNY**! ALL I LIKE ABOUT HIM IS HIS SINGER, BONNIE BAXTER! AND **WHEN** SHE WORKS FOR ME---

LET ME AT HIM! IF HE WAS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, HE'D HOLD HIS TITLE JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SLAP HIM LOOSE FROM HIS TEETH!



THANKS FOR THE COMEDY, SLIP! YOU SHOULD GET A SALARY. CHECK HERE!

MAYBE I WILL PRETTY SOON-- WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF THE JOB! LET'S HEAR WHAT YOU PALM OFF ON THE PEASANTS AS MUSIC!



But as the band begins to play...

OH!

OW! STOP!



ER... SORRY, FOLKS.

SWING, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT, BUT---



SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR PLAYING SEEMS TO SPLIT THE EAR!

PARDON ME, BUT--



--IT SO HAPPENS THAT MY BOYS ARE HERE, READY TO GO ON! AND YOU **DO** NEED MUSIC--NOT THAT HAMMER-AND-TONGS TREATMENT.

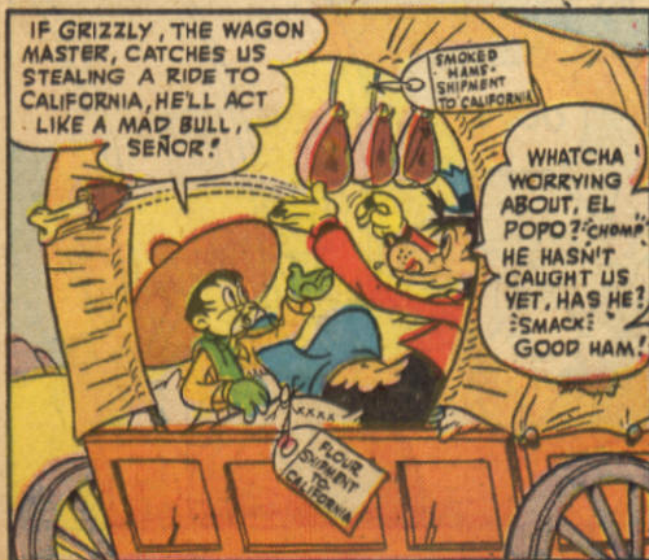
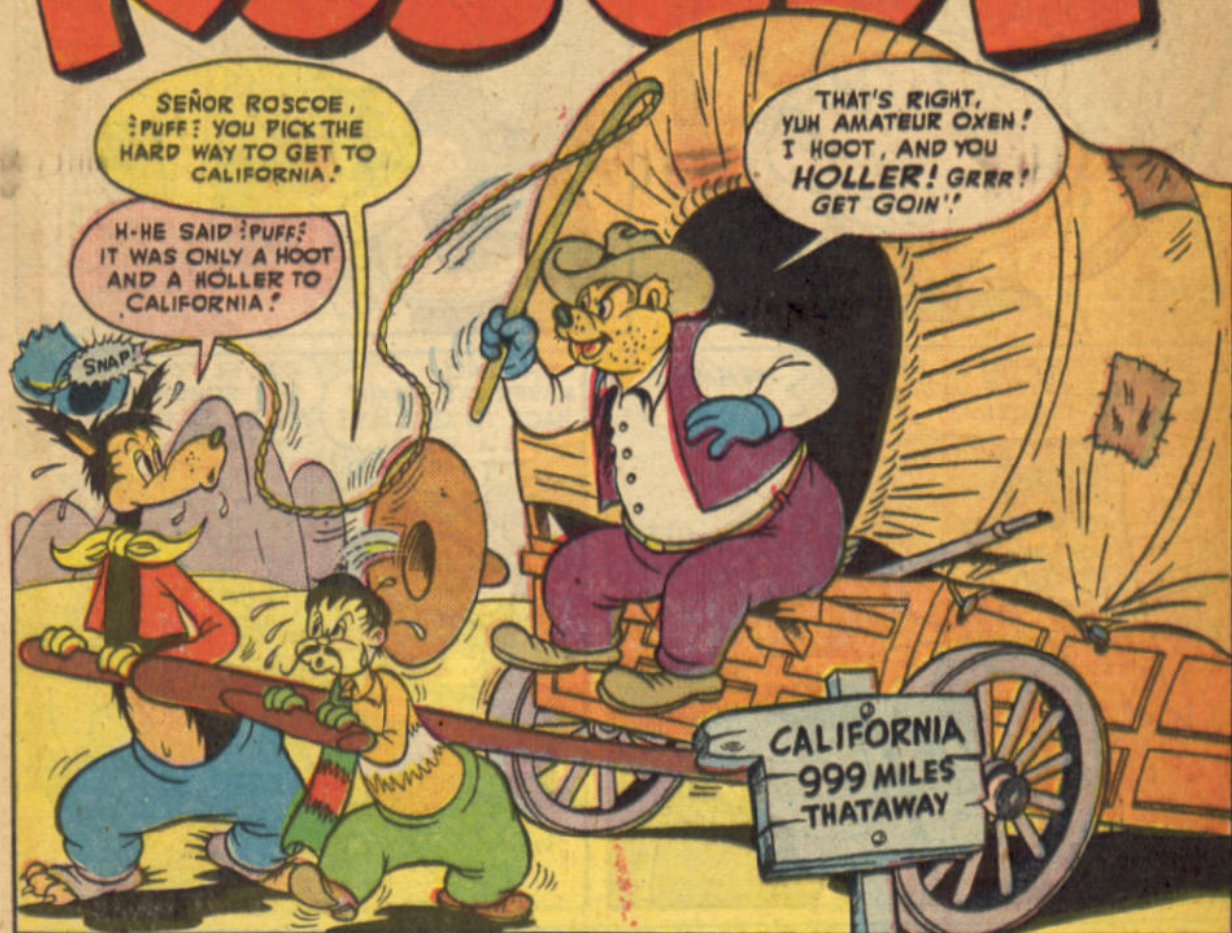
BETTER LET HIM PLAY FOR A WHILE! I'M GOING TO CHECK OUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE DRESSING ROOM!

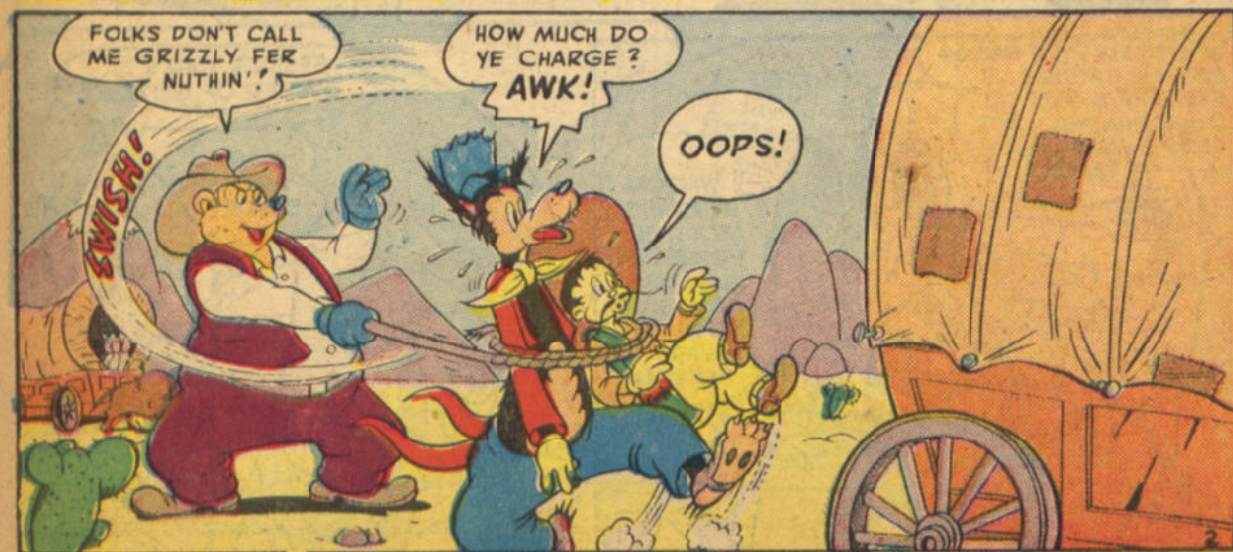
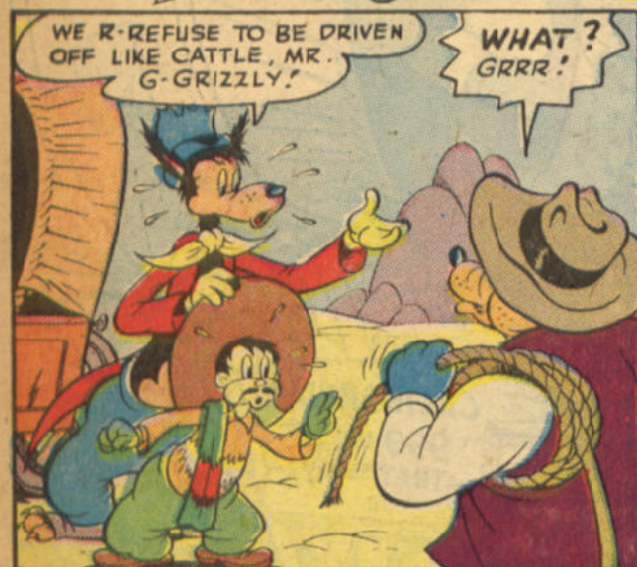
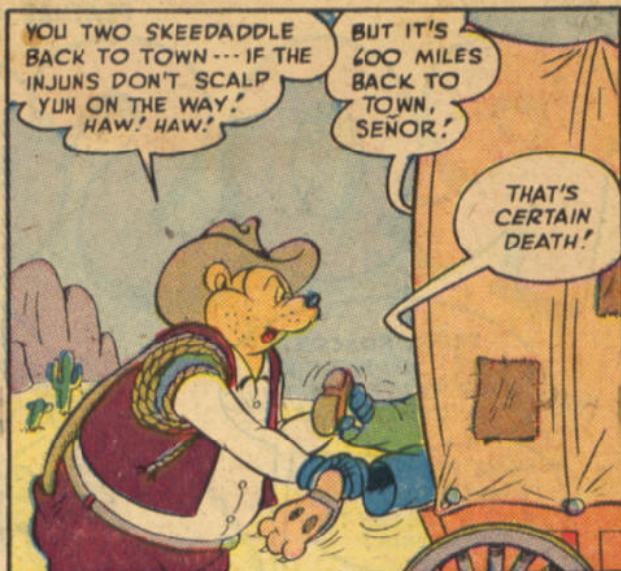
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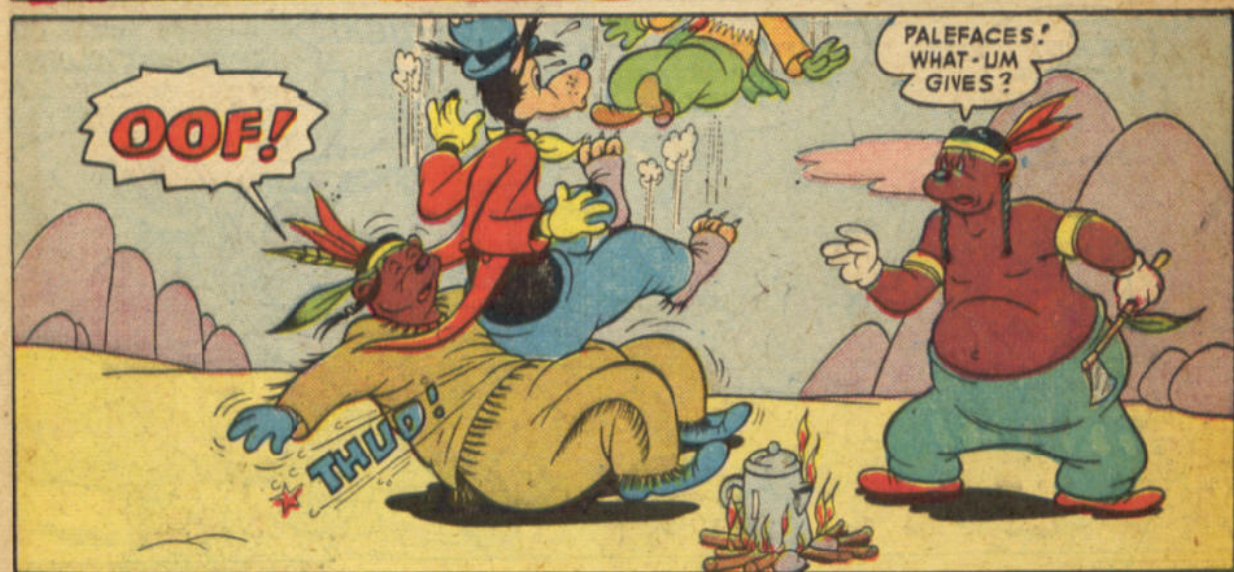
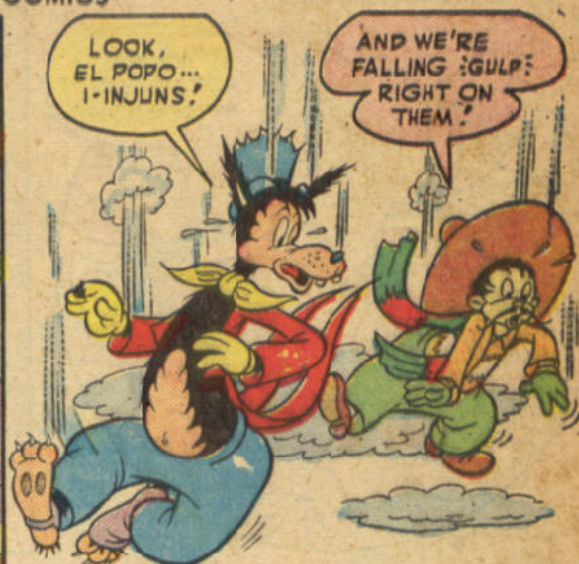
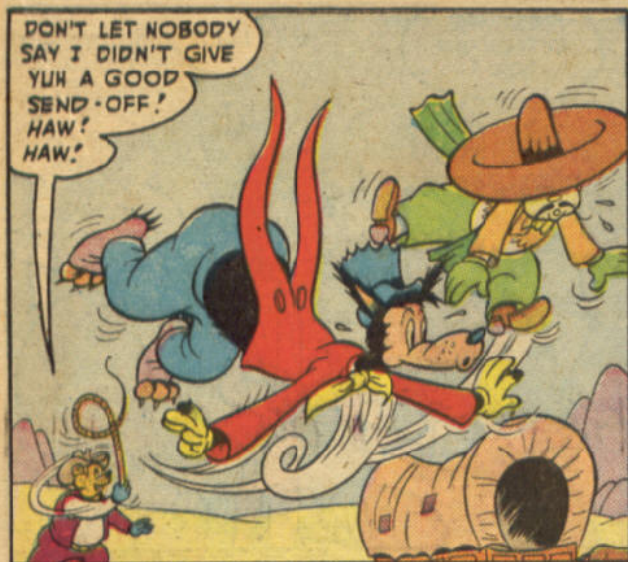


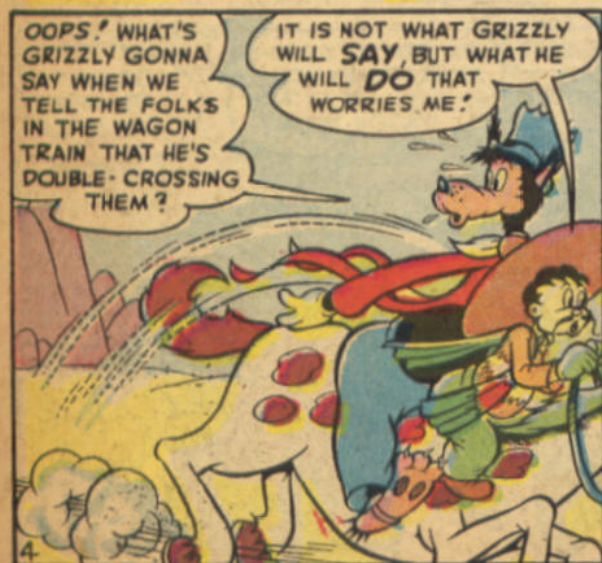
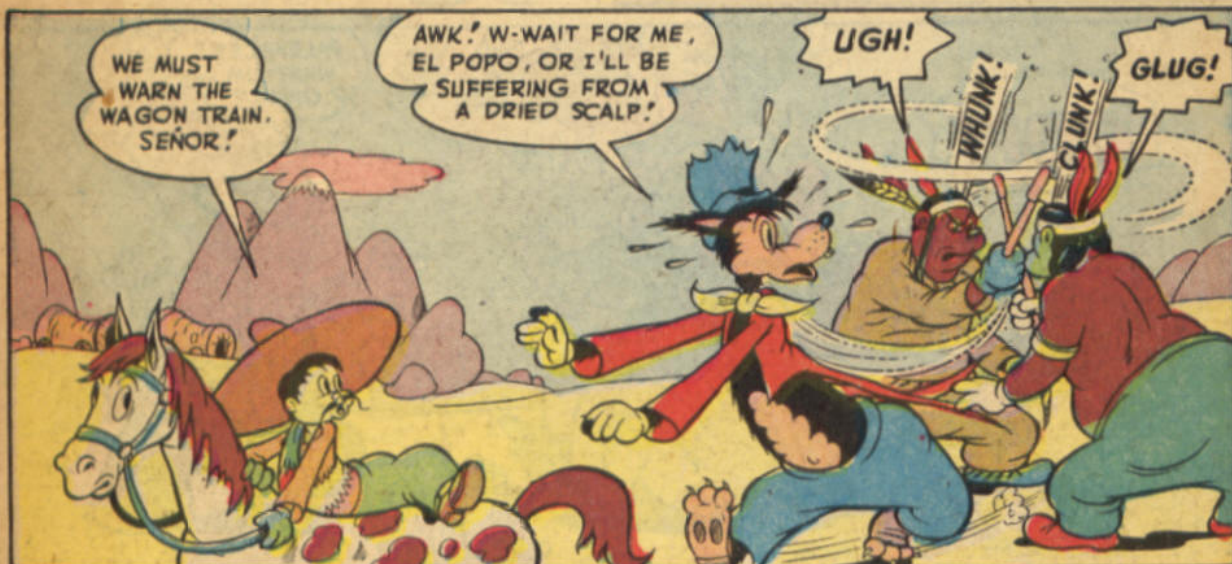


ROSCOE





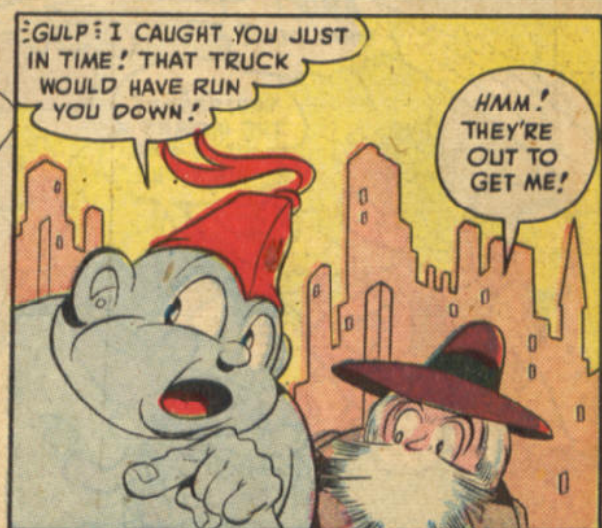
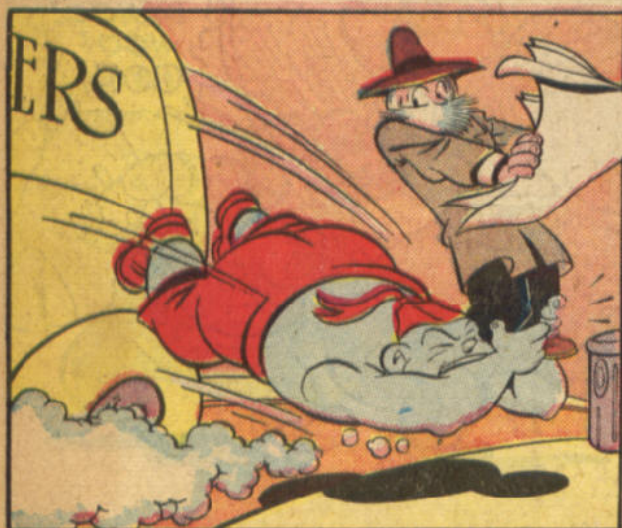


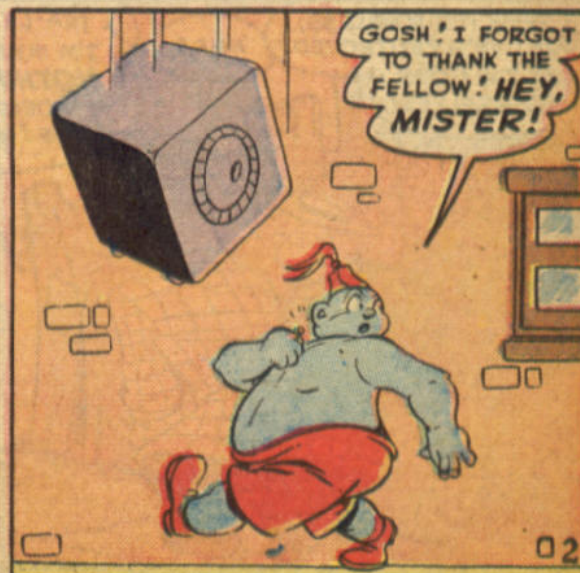
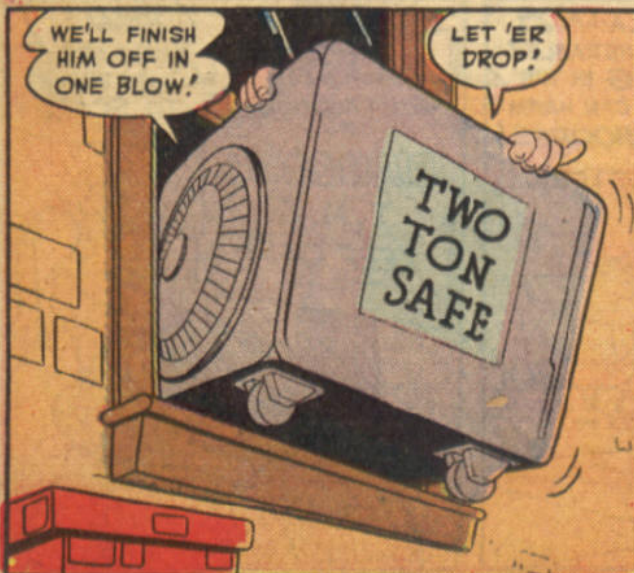
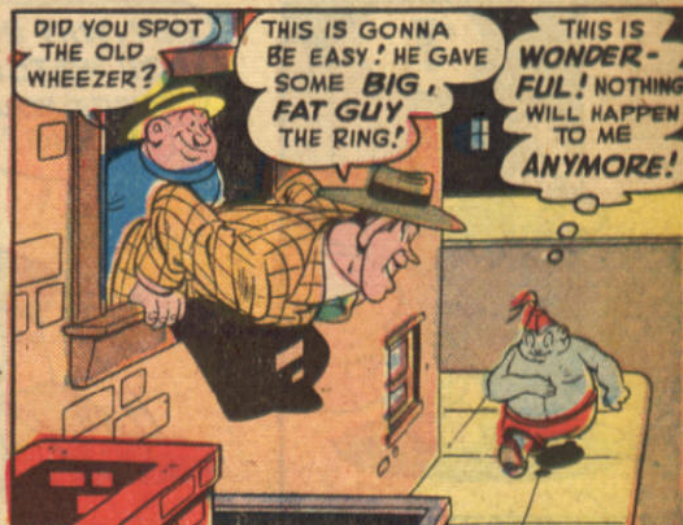
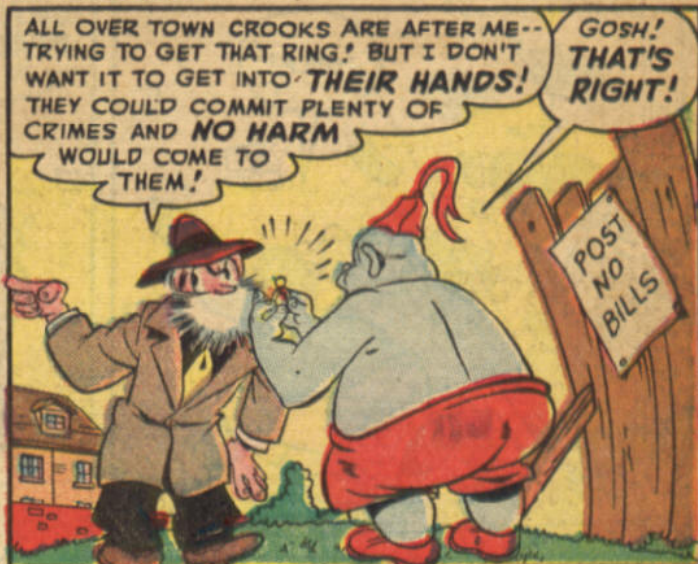


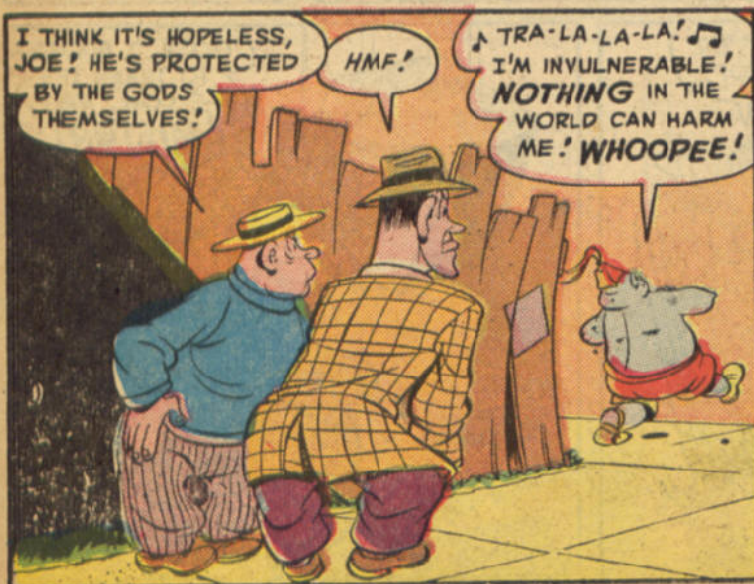
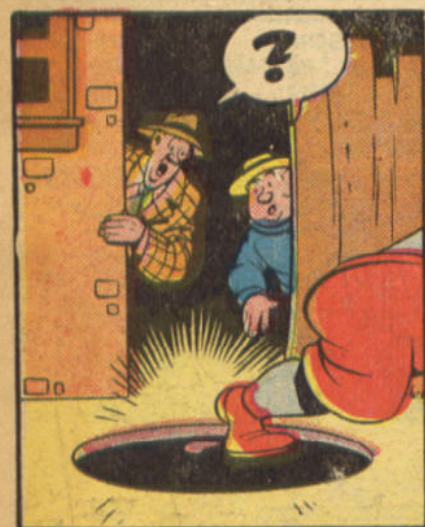
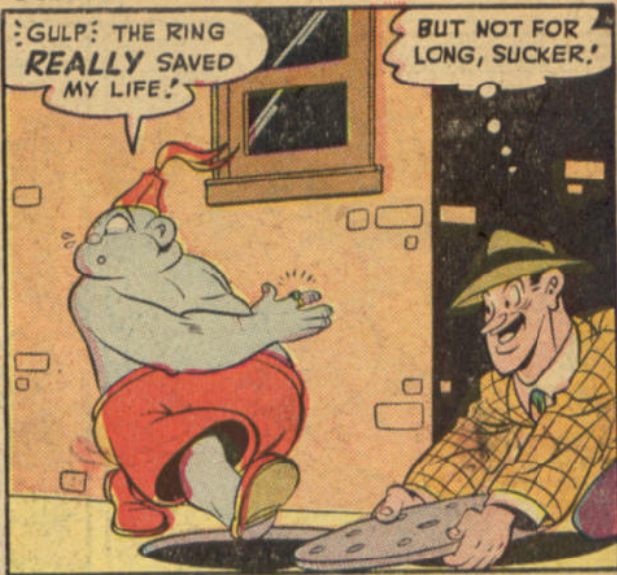
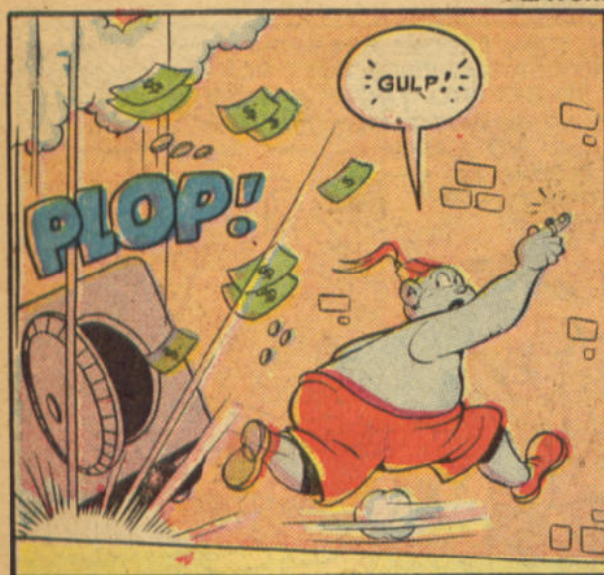
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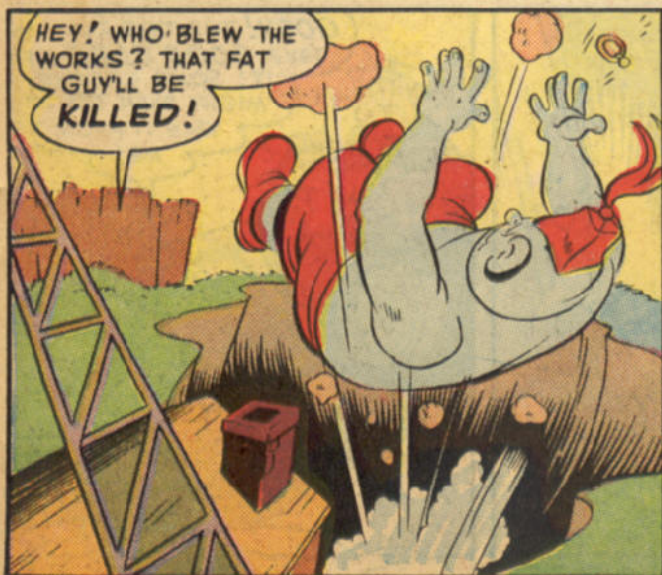
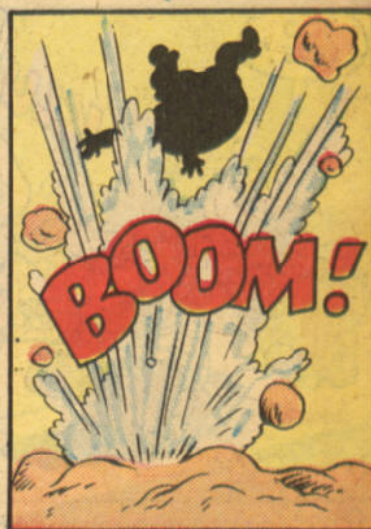
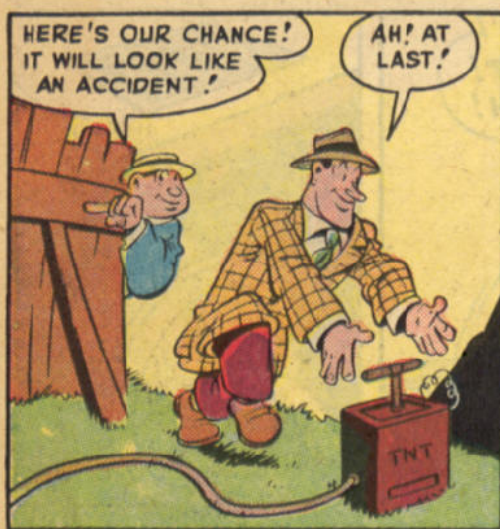
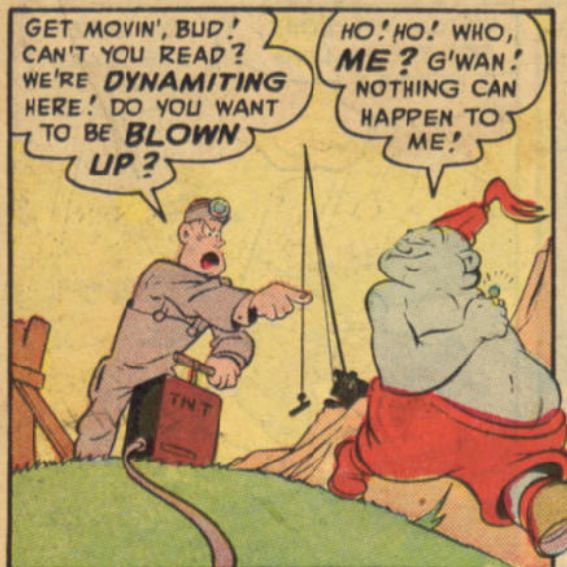


BLIMPY

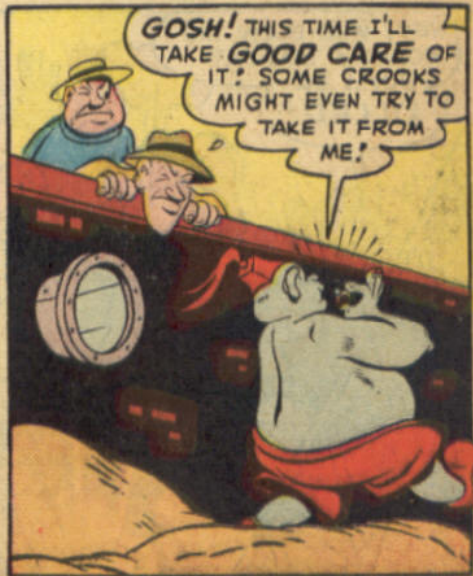
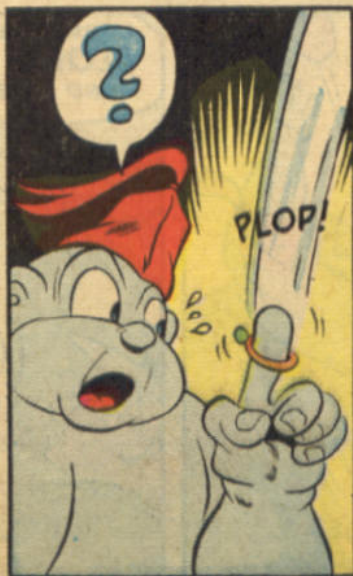
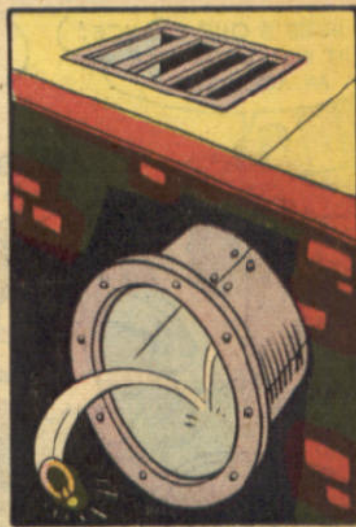
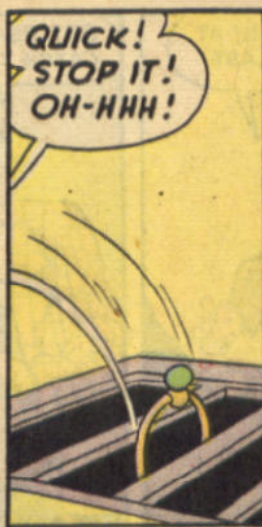
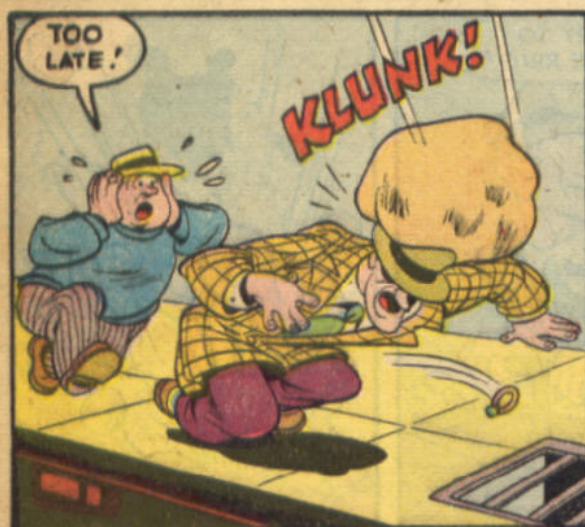
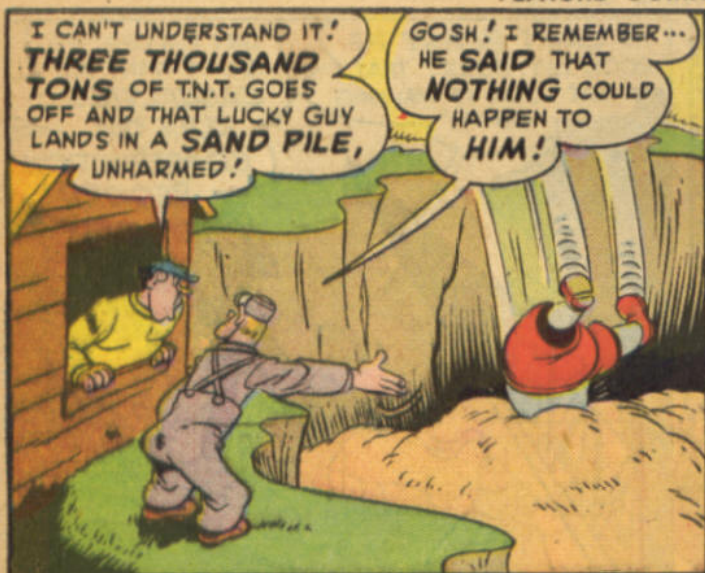




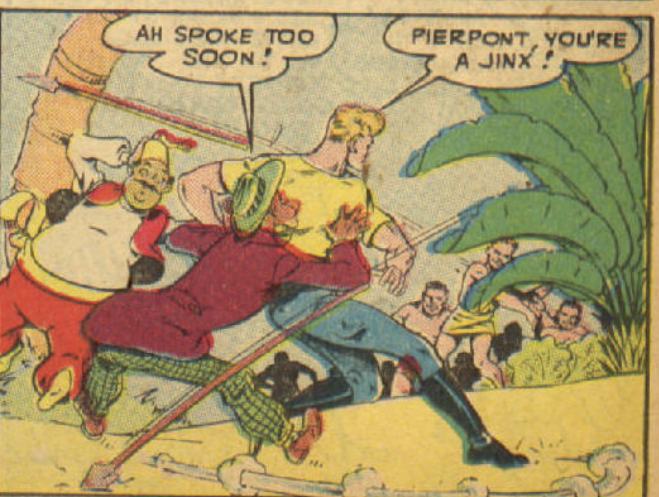
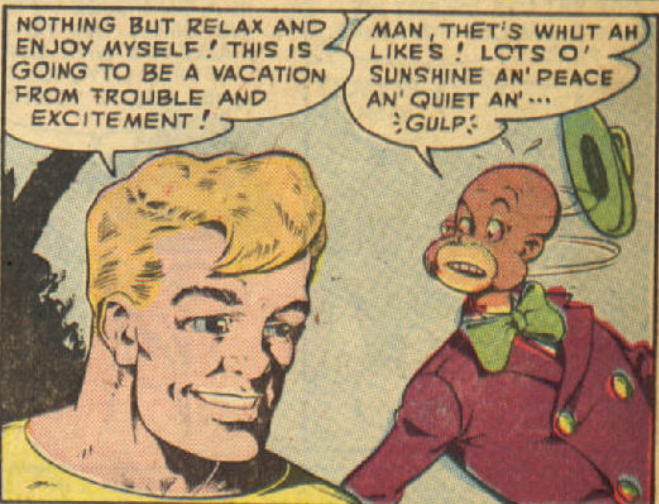
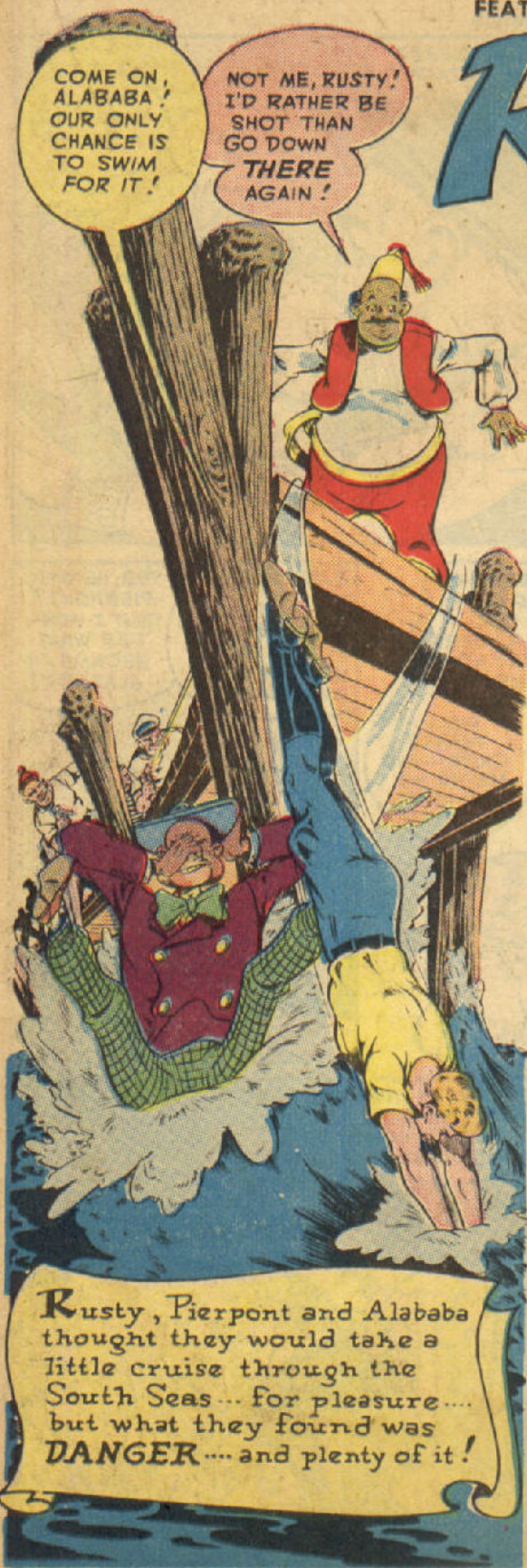




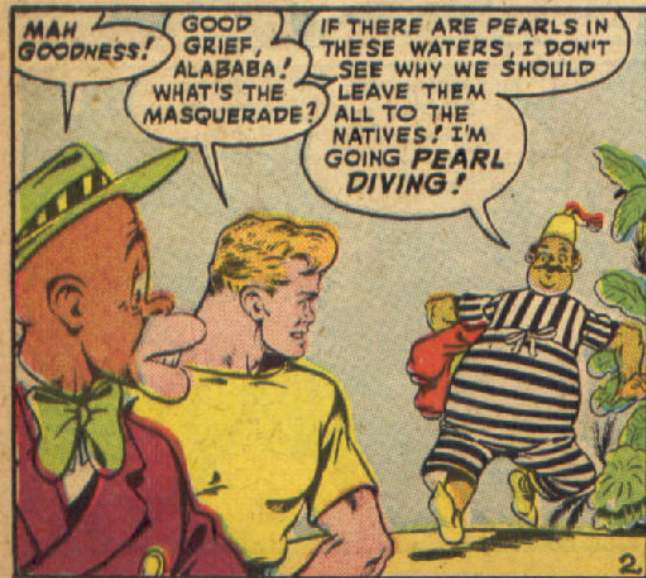
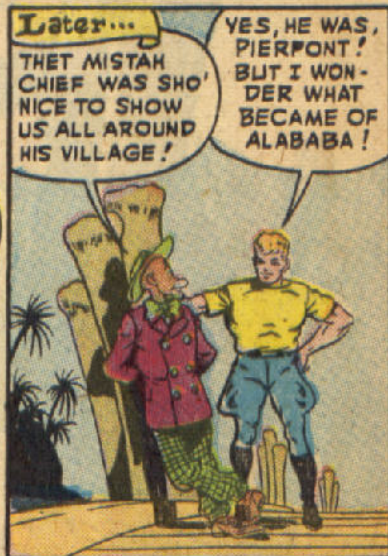
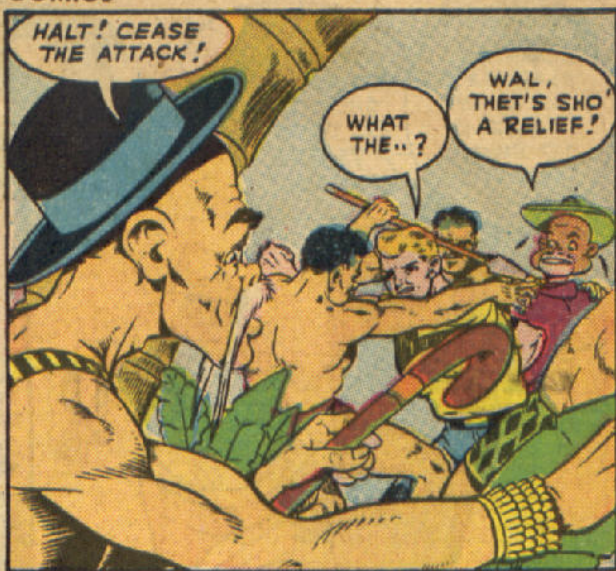
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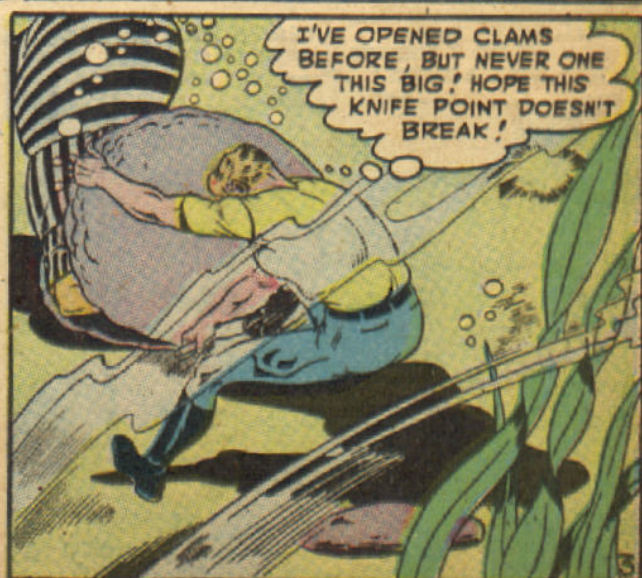
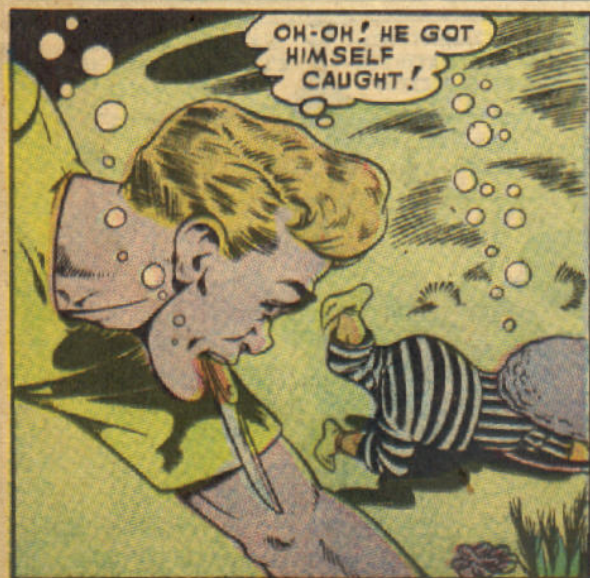
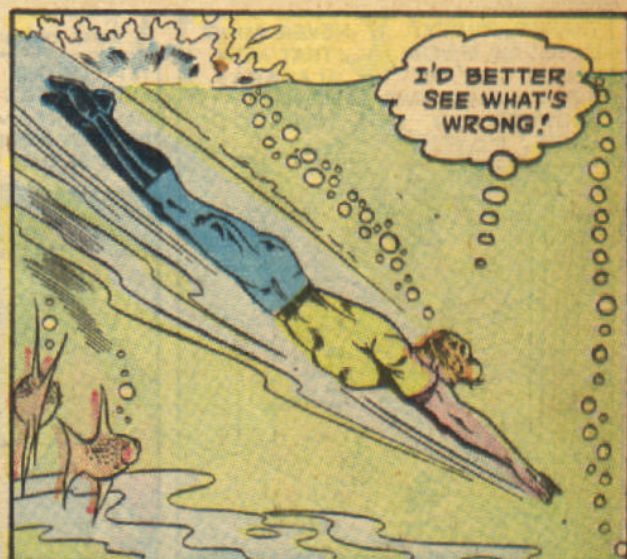
Rusty RYAN



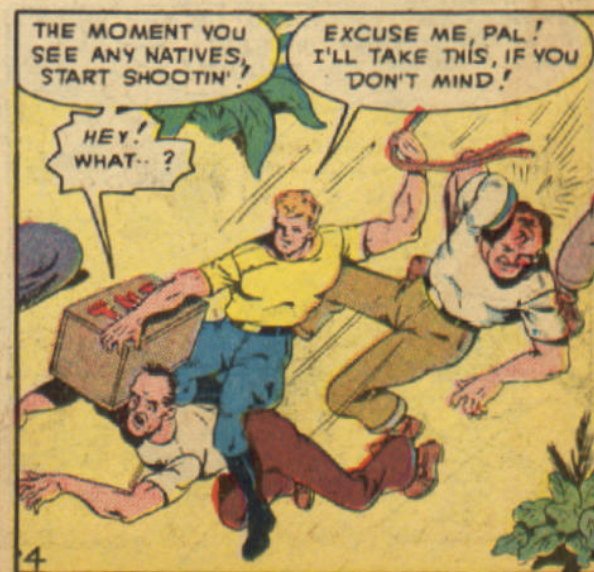
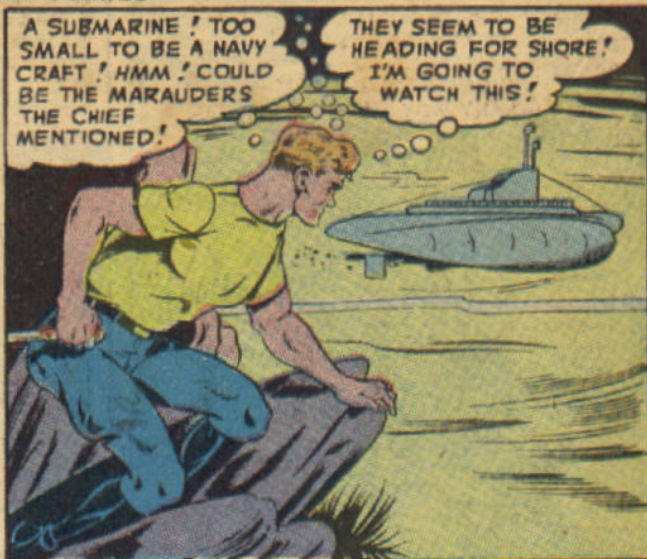
Rusty, Pierpont and Alababa thought they would take a little cruise through the South Seas... for pleasure... but what they found was **DANGER**... and plenty of it!



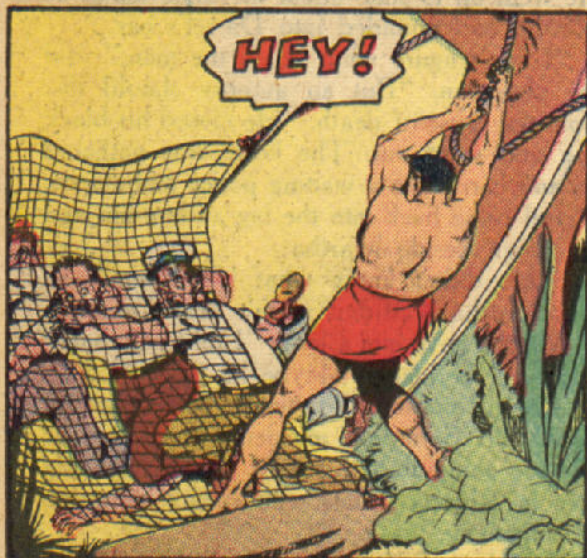
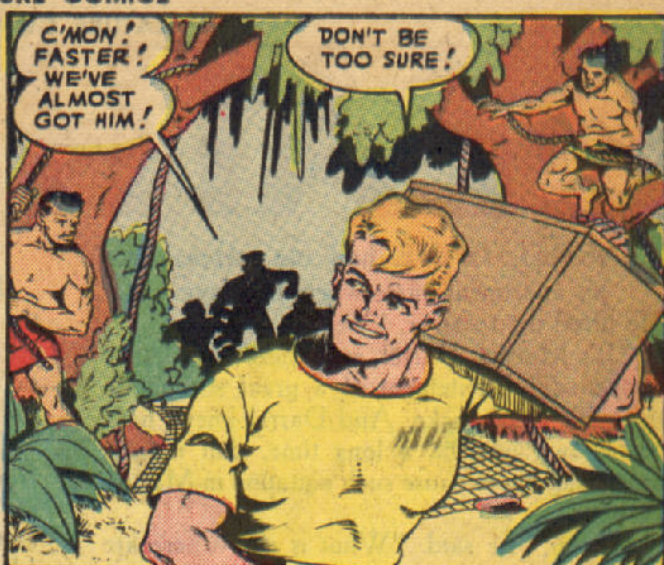
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



DEATH ON THE Rostrum

DARREL DANE had just stepped into his apartment office when the phone rang. He lifted the receiver. "Yes?"

"It's Martha, Darrel, something terrible has happened." Excitement of a great sort made the girl's voice shake. And Darrel knew, having known Martha a long time, that it took something big to cause such agitation in Martha Roberts.

"Calm," he said. "What is it? Where are you?"

"At U. N. Headquarters," Martha replied. "I've been covering some of the story for Acme News Service. Well, a few minutes after I got here, the representative from Algaria started speaking."

"Yes," said Darrel quietly when Martha paused.

"It was the uncanniest thing I ever saw," the girl went on. "This man—Legaire—had spoken only five minutes or so when he suddenly slumped down to the floor. He was stone dead when the police examined him a moment later."

Darrel considered. "But Martha," he said, "the man must've had heart trouble. That sounds—"

"No, Darrel, I'm enough of a nurse to know that. Heart cases always have a bluish look about the face, and their lips turn blue—Not any sign of that on Legaire."

"Then what is your deduction, Miss Sherlock?" he laughingly asked.

"Murder! Legaire was murdered in cold blood, that's what!"

"So what do you want me to do, honey?"

"Come right over here," Martha ordered.

"Okay, I'll be there in a jiff," Darrel hung up and drew a long breath. Girls! What they wouldn't think of. Especially girls bent on a career of writing for sensational publications.

There was still plenty of stir when Darrel arrived at the headquarters where the world's policies were to be determined, and war abolished for all time.

He ran into Martha immediately. She was looking angry.

"Where is he?" asked Darrel.

Martha pointed to a closed door just off the platform. Darrel stepped toward it, pushed it open and entered. The usual collection of police, coroner and others were grouped around the body.

The medical examiner was just getting up from the floor.

"I'd say it was a heart attack, except for certain lack of evidence," he told the room. He went on to state about the same things as Martha had pounded into Darrel's ear.

"I can't figure what killed the man," said the physician. "But an autopsy should disclose the cause of death." He closed his black bag and went out. The body was gathered up and carried to a waiting police ambulance. Darrel came back into the big auditorium and sat down beside Martha.

"Doc didn't know what killed him," he told Martha. "Said it wasn't heart trouble."

Martha gave him a look. "I told you that!"

Darrel nodded. "Maybe he just—died." The girl snorted. "He was in perfect health, dope! No. Some one murdered him—because he was going to tell secrets about some big men in Algaria. Pacts with enemy countries, or something."

Darrel pricked up his ears. "How do you know?"

Martha grinned slyly. "Oh, one in my profession just hears things, you know."

Half exasperated, Darrel demanded, "What?"

"Nothing you could put your finger on, but I heard that agents were after Legaire."

The public address system was announcing another speaker. This man, too, was an envoy from Algaria, taking the place of Legaire, who had not had time to make his address.

The second Algerian launched into a bitter denunciation of the foreign agents who had laid his friend and the friend of Algaria by the heels. And then, when he announced that he would carry out the exposing of certain high officials of that country, since Legaire couldn't—something happened to him.

"What's the matter with him?" Martha whispered to Darrel. "Looks as if he were sick."

Darrel jumped to his feet and made a dash for the platform. But before he got there the man tumbled and rolled across the floor, dropping over the edge of the stage.

It took only a glance to tell Darrel that this man had died by the same ghostly means as had Legaire.

All was hubbub instantly. The same thing enacted over again.

Darrel jumped to the platform and made a minute inspection of everything about the place where both men had died—the pulpit-like affair that held the microphones, inside it and out.

Nothing suspicious looking. He noted a small electric fan turning slowly at the side of the pulpit, making just enough air to fan the face of the speaker.

There were three mikes in a bank—all different radio stations. Darrel looked at all three very carefully. Nothing out of the way.

Then he remembered something. The small fan had stopped turning soon after the last man had taken his place; now it was turning again.

Sniffing, Darrel thought he detected an odd odor about the mikes, but wasn't sure. The wind from the fan carried it away. He shut it off.

It was then that he heard a tiny tapping under the floor of the stage.

He asked a policeman: "How do you get under this stage?"

The cop looked at him as if he thought he was a lunatic. He shrugged away the question.

"I mean it," snapped Darrel. "Is there a door anywhere?"

"Sure—it's way in the back some place. Why? Goin' down to catch rats?"

Darrel grinned. "Exactly!" And was gone into the room of death—where the second victim had been carried. The examination was over and the room was bare.

Quickly Darrel Dane shrunk to the size of a small doll. He knew that he hadn't the time to find any rear door. So, calling upon the powers that resided in his unique body, he made himself into the mighty midget—The Doll Man!

He scurried out of the room and into the hall, hoping no big cats were about. He had seen a square piece of flooring about five inches long that had been removed to allow phone wires to go below. Without being seen, he dropped through the floor and found himself in pitch darkness.

He heard soft voices. Then he saw the pin-point glow of a tiny ash. Two men were working directly under the pulpit!

The Doll Man leaped close to them. They were carefully withdrawing a tiny rubber tube from somewhere above the floor. His eyes accustomed to the gloom now, The Doll Man saw that the tube led into a small satchel of unique design. He had seen that satchel perched on the knees of someone sitting out in front of the speakers' rostrum.

"Hold it!" he peeped in his reedy voice, instantly regretting that he'd spoken.

"What was that?" one of the men whispered.

"Rat," said the other one, busy at trying to draw the tube out.

The Doll Man became Darrel Dane there in the darkness. "Hold it!" he said again, this time in a deep enough tone.

The men whirled, clawing at their coat pockets. But Darrel, having no gun, landed a fist against one jaw, then tangled with the other. The noise of the battle was heard above and soon a puffing and pounding was drawing near. Two cops poked through the narrow door at the back, guns out.

"Quit it, you guys," ordered one. His flash beamed on, pinning Darrel Dane and the two men in the glare. "Hah!" grunted the cop. "Grab 'em, Kelley!"

Darrel was one of the "grabbed" ones until all three were hustled above and he was identified by Martha and Dr. Roberts, who had arrived late.

One of the policemen carried the satchel. "I guess they were tryin' to bomb the jernt," he stated, shaking the satchel.

"No," said Darrel. "That case contains a bulb of cyanide gas, with a rubber tube connected to it. The other end of the tube goes up into one of those mikes."

A nice, diabolical plot to murder with deadly cyanide fumes. The two agents Darrel captured were not only murderers but known Axis operators.

BIG TOP

THAT'S THE SIXTH BOWL OF OATMEAL THAT APE'S TOSSED BACK TODAY! WE CAN'T GET HIM TO EAT!

THAT'S CAUSE YOU SOLD HIS GIRL FRIEND TO THE ZOO, BOSS!

LOOK, BOSS! YOU KNOW HOW IMITATIVE APES ARE... IF YOU'D LET SOMEBODY SIT IN FRONT OF HIM ALL DAY JUST EATING BANANAS, SOONER OR LATER, HE'D COPY HIM!

BUT WE CAN'T LET SUCH A STAR ATTRACTION STARVE!



ON, WHY, WHY CAN'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT?

AND KEEP EATING 'TIL HE GETS THE IDEA, D'YA HEAR?



An hour later...

HMPH... THREE DOZEN BANANAS!



Two hours and 200 bananas later...

AND STILL THAT STUPID APE WON'T IMITATE A THING I DO!



URP!
IT'S GOT ME!



OOOOO!



HEY! WHAD'YA DOING TO MY APE?



BIG TOP

BOSS! YOU'LL THANK ME TO YOUR DYING DAY! I THINK I'VE CURED OUR ANIMAL TRAINER OF BEING AFRAID OF HIS OWN ANIMALS!

THAT PANTY-WAIST LION TAMER COULDN'T LICK A CHIP-MUNK, LET ALONE TRAIN A TIGER!

HE'LL BE OKAY NOW, BOSS, BECAUSE HE JUST TOOK A SPOONFUL OF "BUCKUPO!"

WHAT IN BLAZES IS "BUCKUPO?"

"BUCKUPO" IS A MARVELOUS HINDU TONIC THEY GIVE TO LAZY ELEPHANTS BY THE SPOONFUL TO MAKE 'EM WORK LIKE DYNAMOS!

HAMPH... HERE COMES THAT LION TAMER NOW!

LISTEN, YOU FRAIDY CAT FELINE TAMER, I JUST PAID \$5,000 FOR A PRIZE LION THAT YOU'RE SCARED TO GET IN THE SAME CAGE WITH!

NOT ANY MORE I AIN'T, YOU OLD FUZZ-PHIZ!

AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU FATHEAD SIMON LEGREE SCROOGE, I WANT A \$1,000 A WEEK CONTRACT NOW!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT NEW LION?

I JUST KILLED THE SAP WITH A SLAP IN THE PUSS! YA'LL HAF TA GET A NEW ONE!

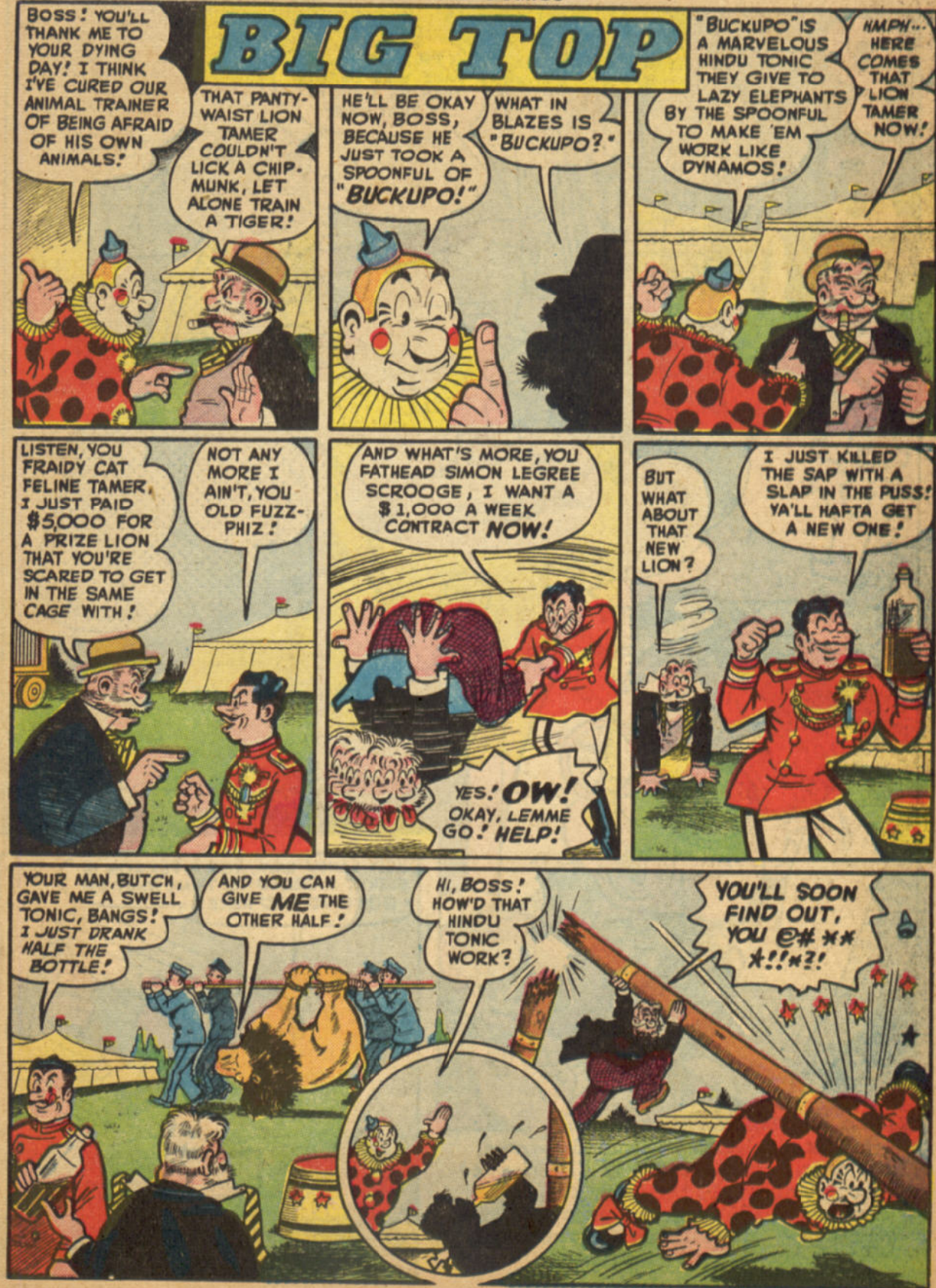
YES! OW! OKAY, LEMME GO! HELP!

YOUR MAN, BUTCH, GAVE ME A SWELL TONIC, BANGS! I JUST DRANK HALF THE BOTTLE!

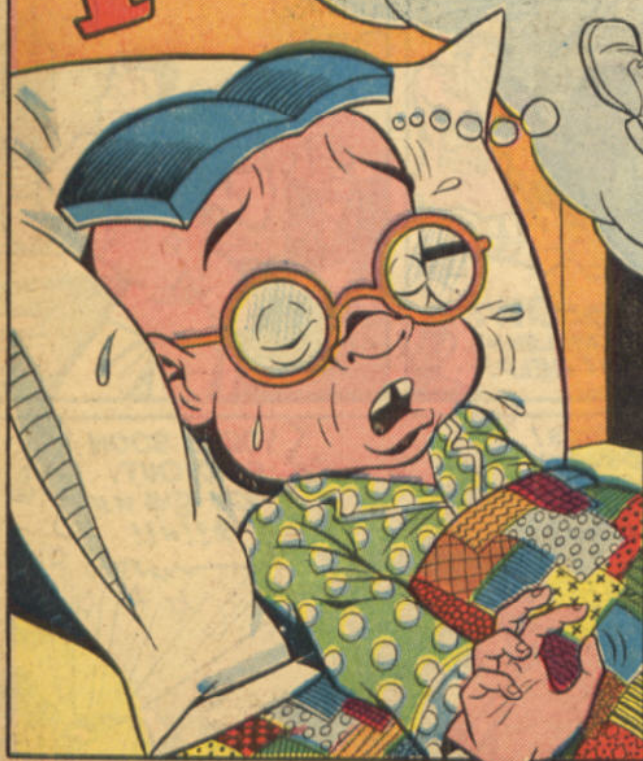
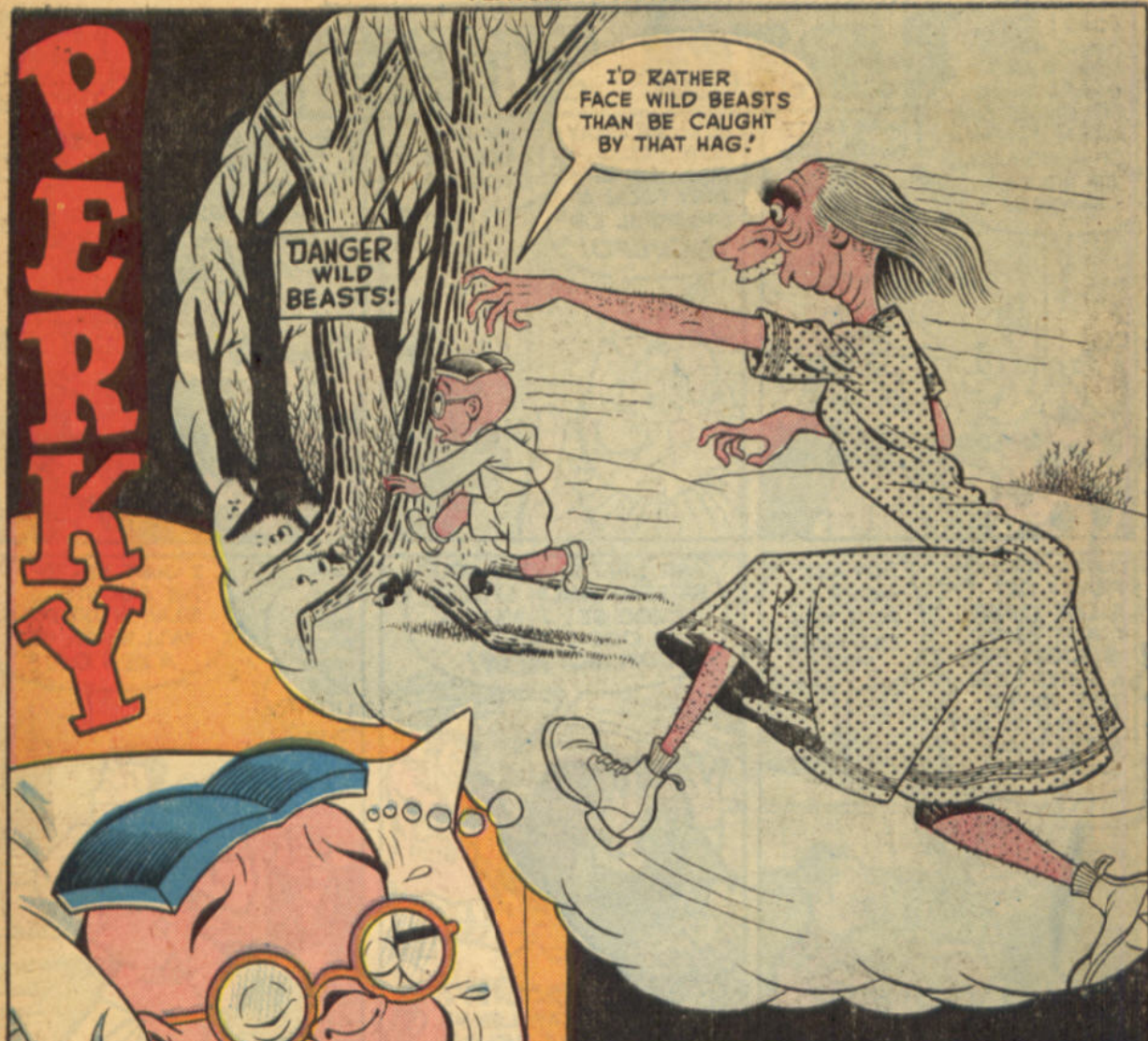
AND YOU CAN GIVE ME THE OTHER HALF!

HI, BOSS! HOW'D THAT HINDU TONIC WORK?

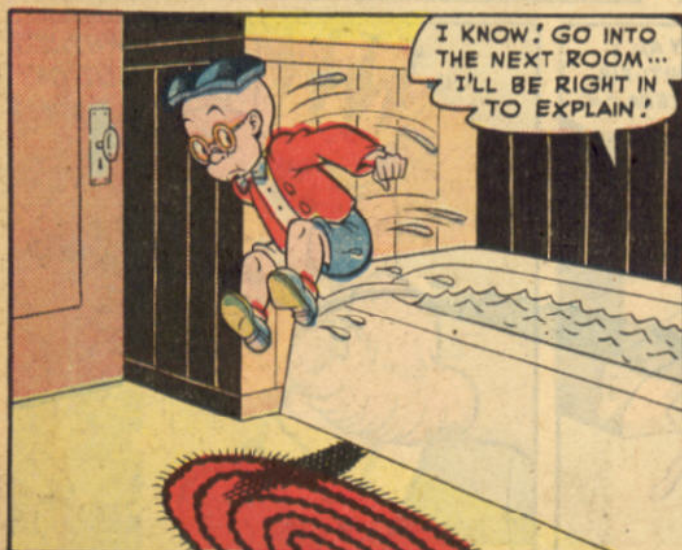
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, YOU @#** *!?!*!



PERKY



Perky's adventures in worlds beyond our own, that started when he stepped into a magician's vanishing box, continue! This time he goes to a land where the inhabitants are the homeliest people in the universe!



FEATURE COMICS

IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF BEAUTIFUL QUEEN GLAMOURA! SHE CAST A SPELL ON ALL THE WOMEN OF THIS LAND TO ELIMINATE COMPETITION! WE'RE SO ASHAMED OF OUR APPEARANCE THAT WE USE SECRET DISAPPEARING POWDER SO NO ONE CAN SEE US!



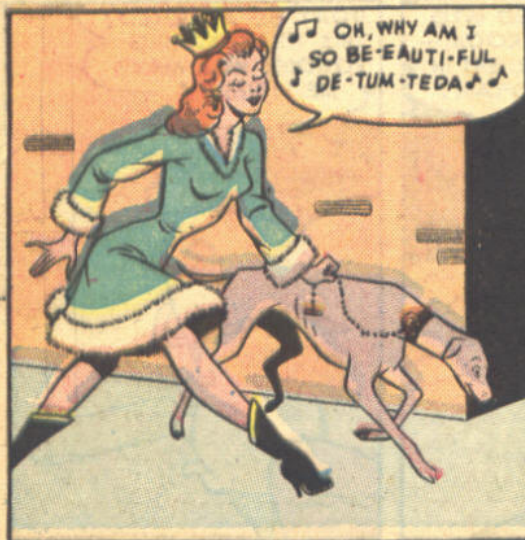
THIS WOULD BE A GOOD SPOT TO OPEN A BEAUTY SALON...AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!



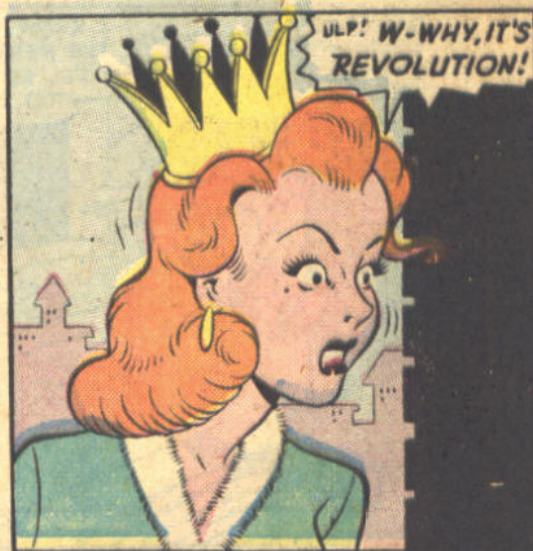
QUEEN GLAMOURA WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD IF SHE CATCHES YOU!



Two days later, the gorgeous queen is out walking...

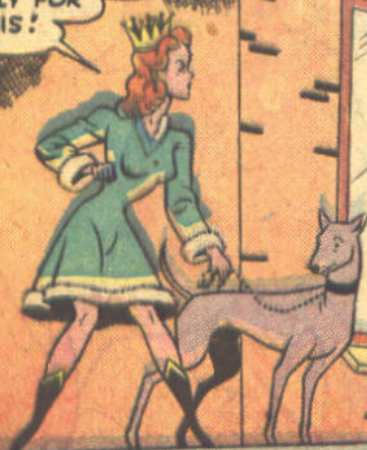


OH, WHY AM I SO BE-AUTI-FUL DE-TUM-TEDA!



UHP! W-WHY, IT'S REVOLUTION!

I'LL MAKE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!



PRETTY UP AT PERKY'S BEAUTY SALON

OPEN FOR BUSINESS!

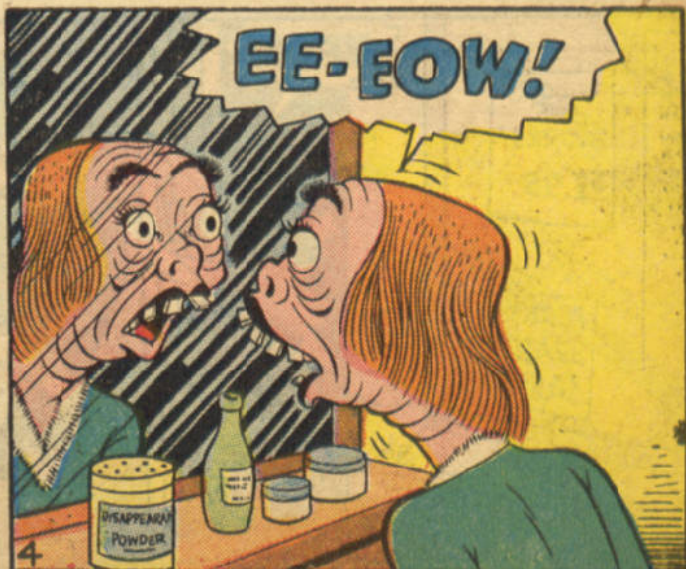
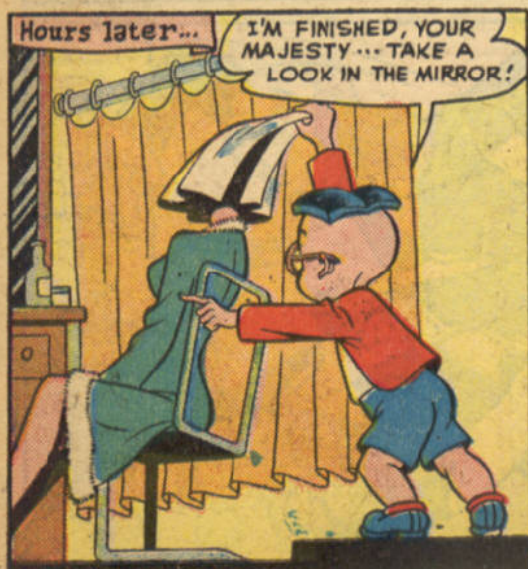
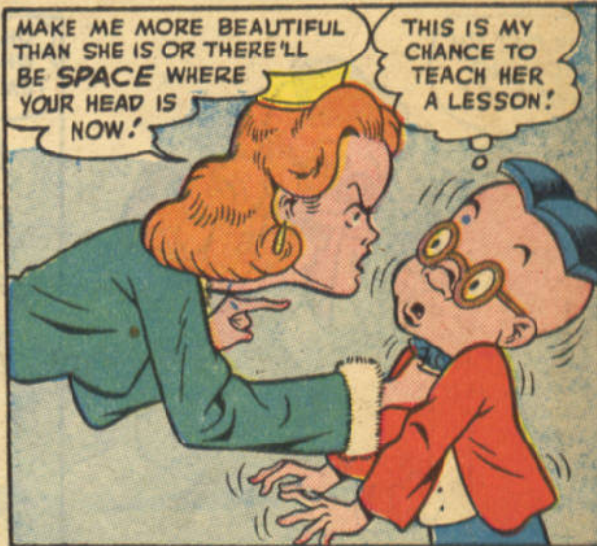
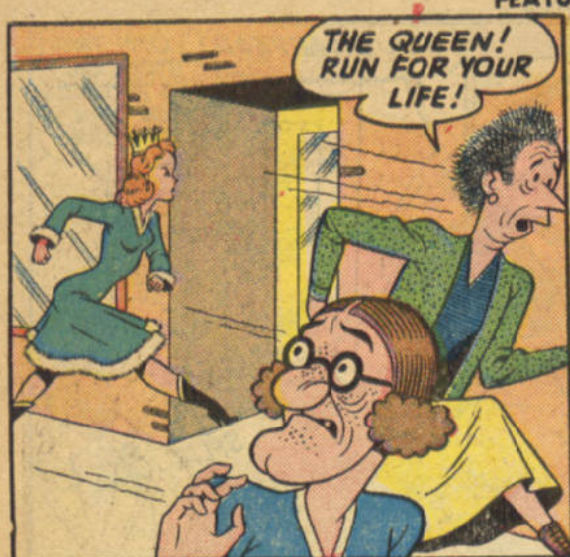
PLEASE USE YOUR REAPPEARANCE POWDER BEFORE ENTERING SO I CAN SEE WHAT I'M WORKING ON!

THE WORKS \$1.98 PERKY'S BEAUTY SALON

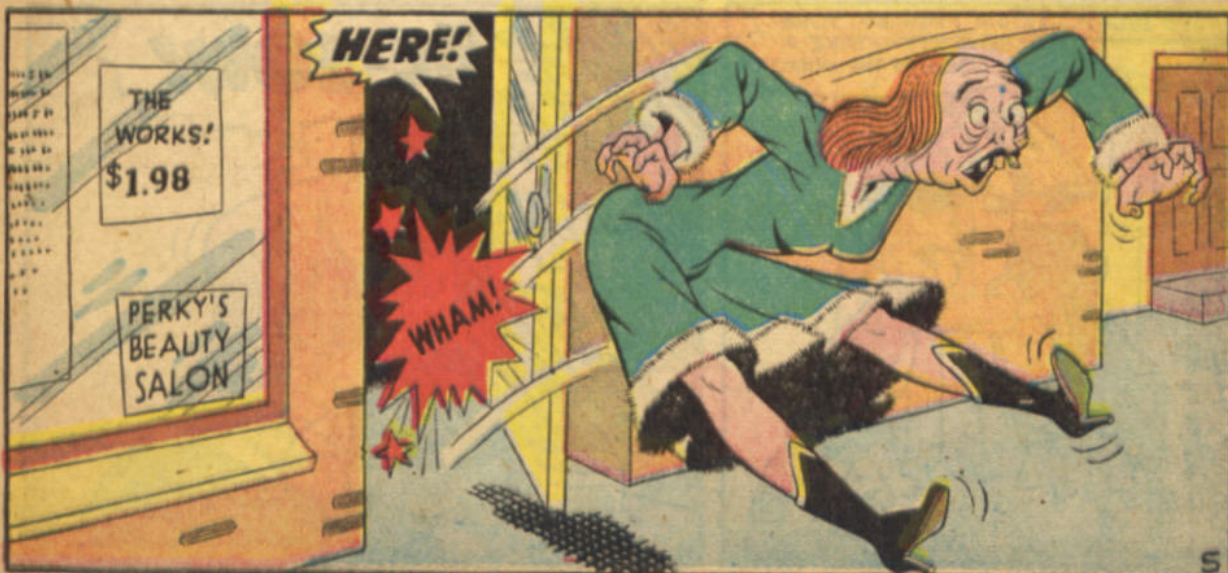
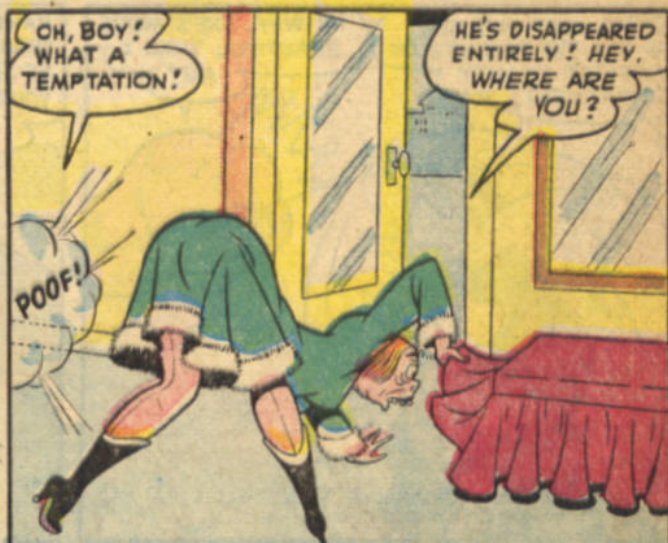
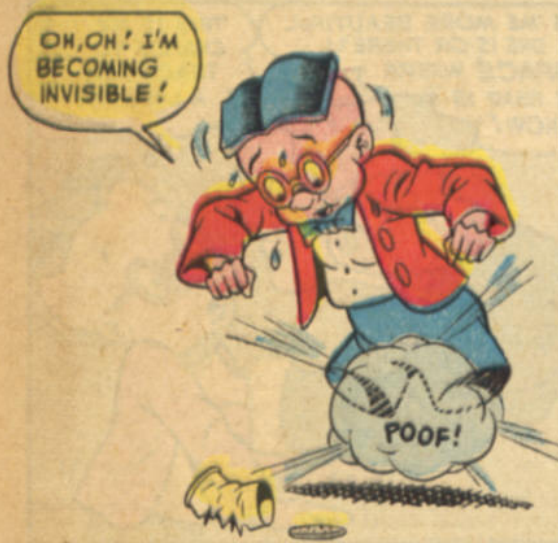
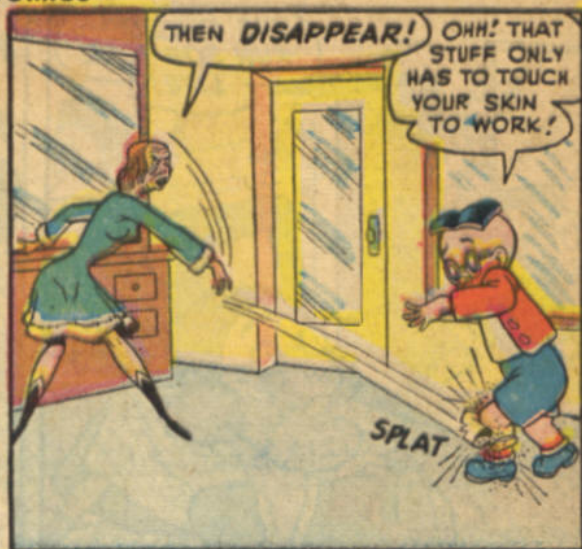
DO YOU THINK A DOLLAR NINETY-EIGHT IS ENOUGH FOR WHAT I HAVE TO HAVE DONE?

LOOK! THE QUEEN!

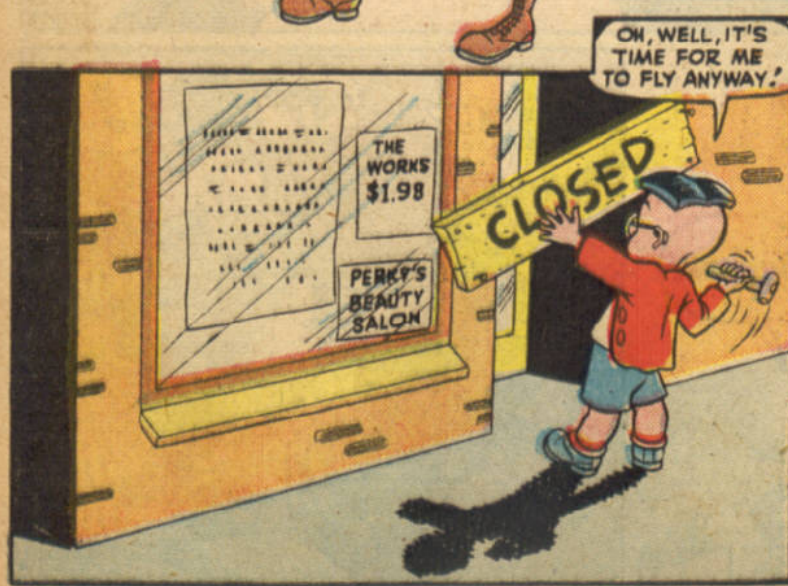
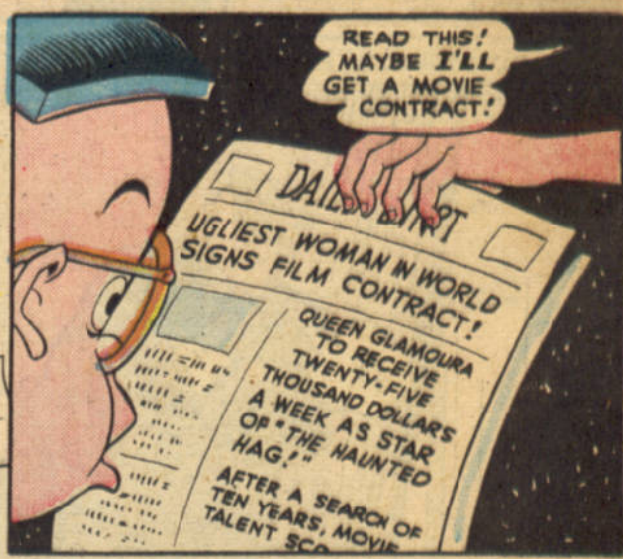
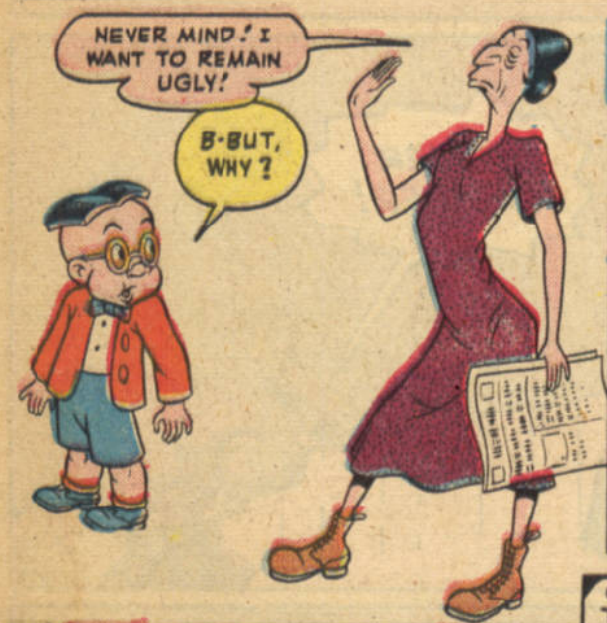
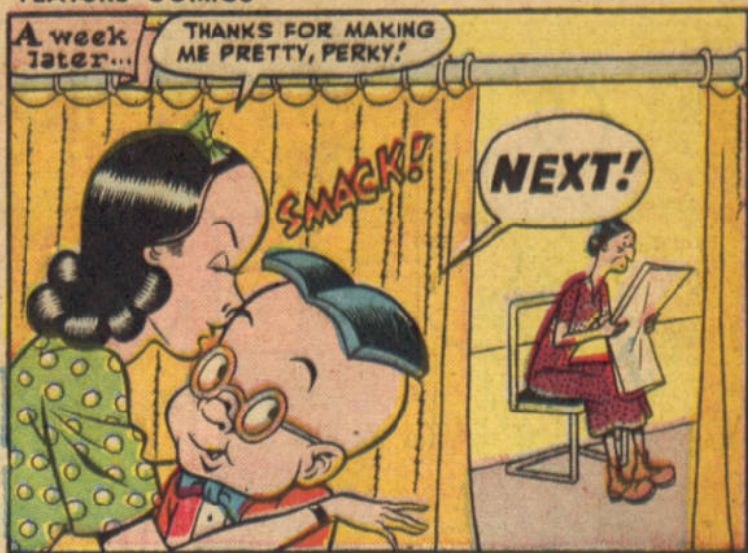




FEATURE COMICS



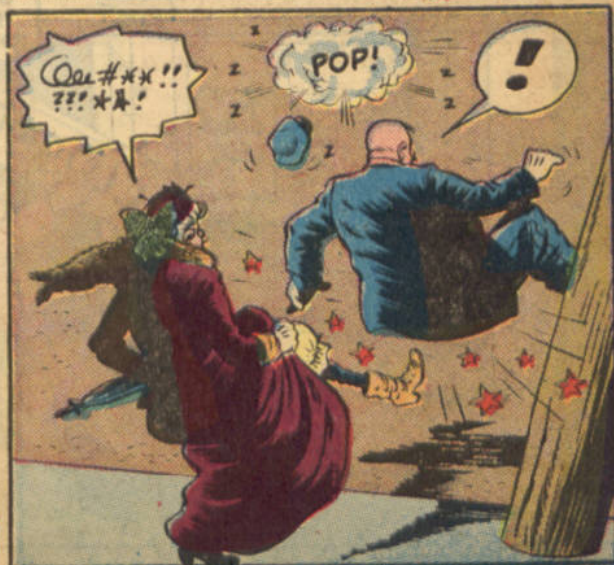
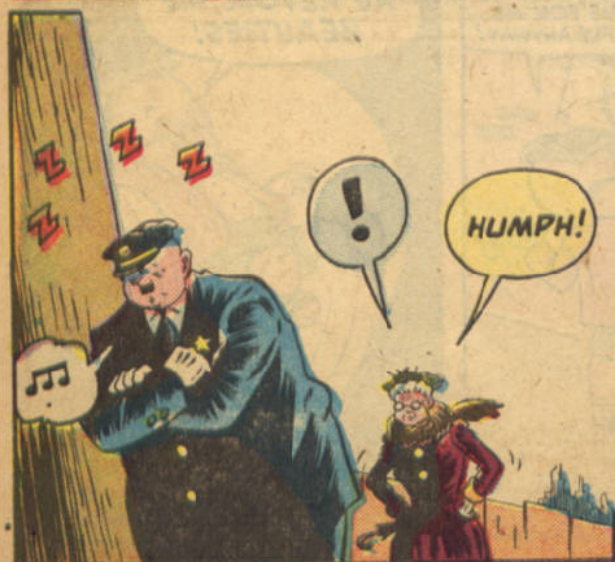
FEATURE COMICS



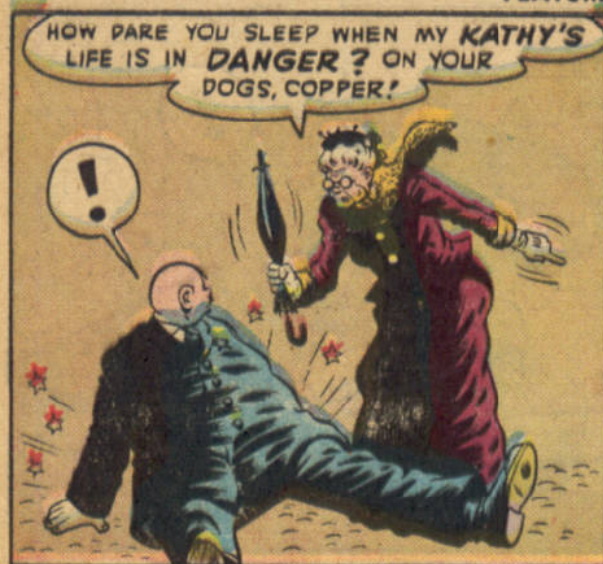
OFFICER SHENANIGAN

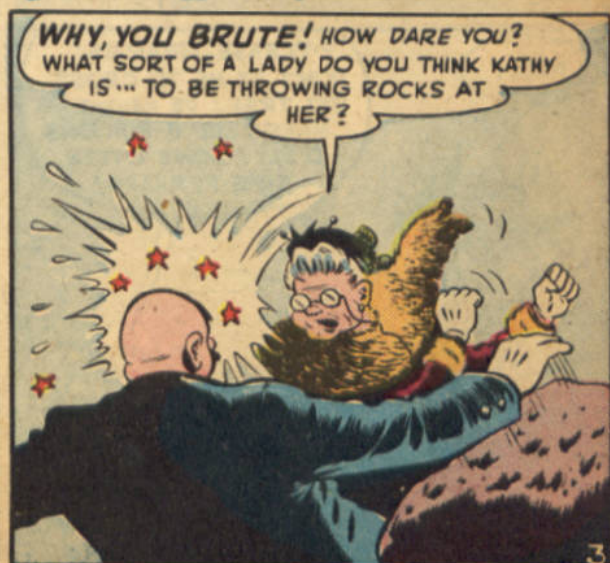
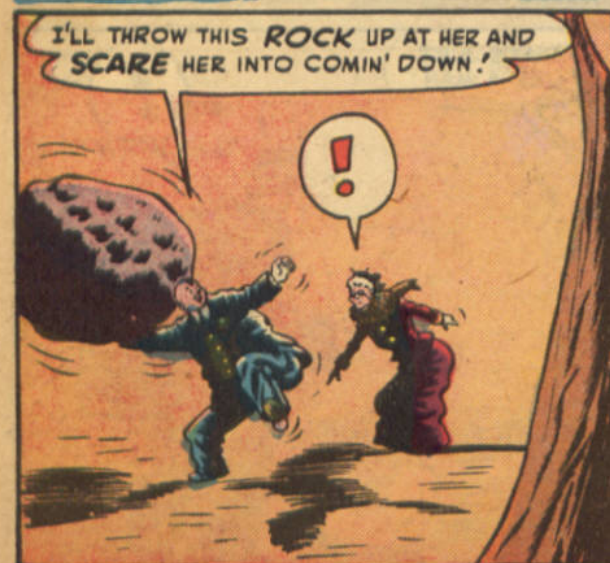
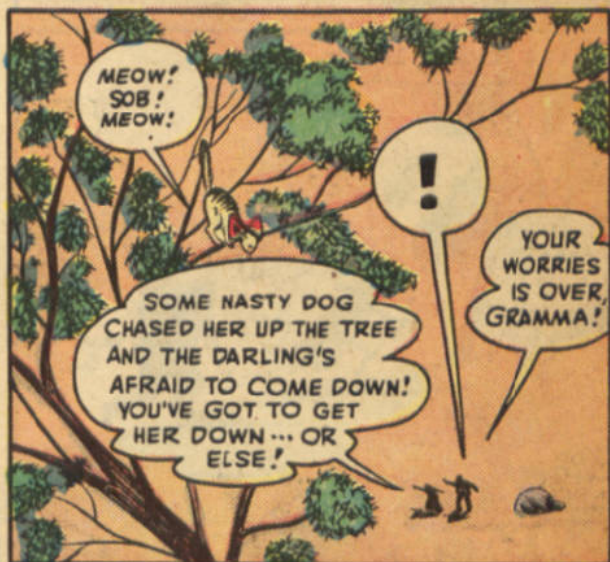
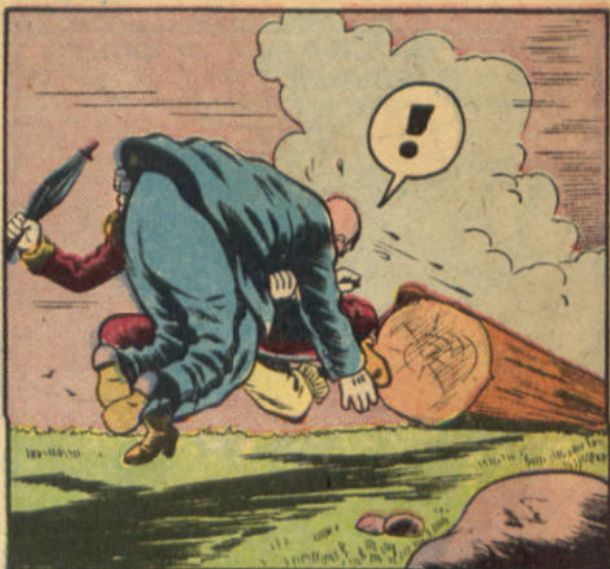


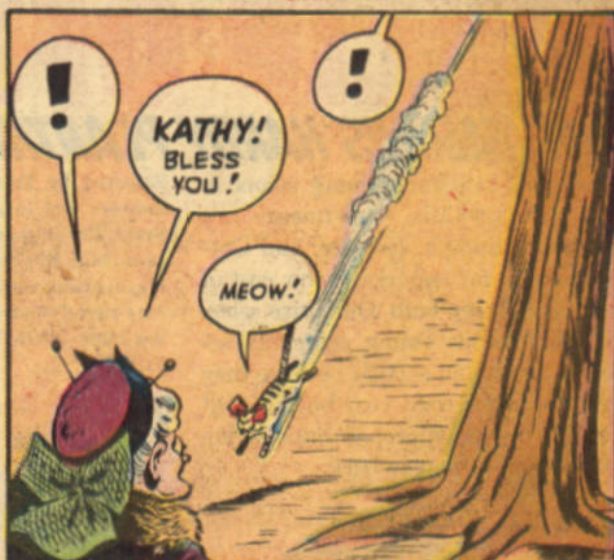
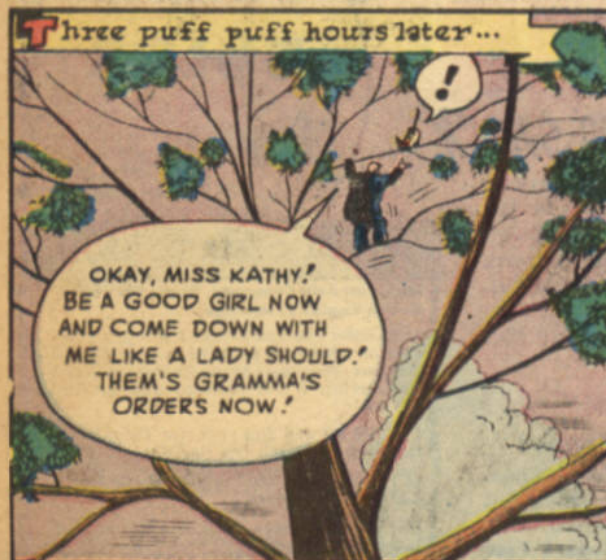
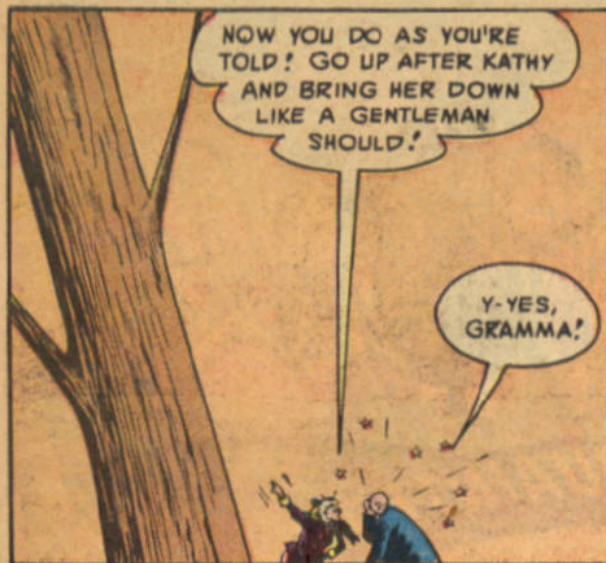
Nine slumberin' hours later...



FEATURE COMICS







**Our Biggest
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AMAZING GET ACQUAINTED

TULIP OFFER

OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2¢ per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

EXTRA

**12 DUTCH
IRIS BULBS**

Yes, as your gift for ordering this astounding tulip assortment... we will send you 12 genuine first-year Dutch Iris Bulbs extra and without additional cost. These gorgeous irises will give your garden new purples and blues that will make it the envy of your neighbors. All solid disease-free bulbs... extra just for mailing your tulip order coupon now.

Selected by Dutch-American growers and inspected by the State Department of Agriculture. Will fill your garden with blazing color ranging from delicate pastel shades to bold flaming hues. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

ORDER NOW!

Send No Money!

Send no money to get this marvelous tulip bulb bargain! Just check which offers you desire and rush order today! Your tulip bulb assortment with extra Dutch Iris Bulbs will be sent you immediately in plenty of time for fall planting. When postman brings your package just pay amount as checked in coupon plus C.O.D. postage. If you remit with order, we'll pay postage. If you don't feel that you have hit the bargain jackpot of the garden world, return the bulbs and receive your money back.

**100
BULBS
for \$1.69**

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Michigan Bulb Company, Dept. RR-1508
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of package in time for fall planting, plus postage, on guarantee that I may return if not satisfied and get full refund.

- ☐ 100 1st and 2nd year size Tulip Bulbs with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs extra... \$1.69
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- ☐ Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)
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Chrysanthemums... New CUSHION MUMS. Young vigorous plants which will fill your garden with spectacular beauty. Assorted colors... **\$1.69**
10 plants...

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20 bulbs...

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NAME.....

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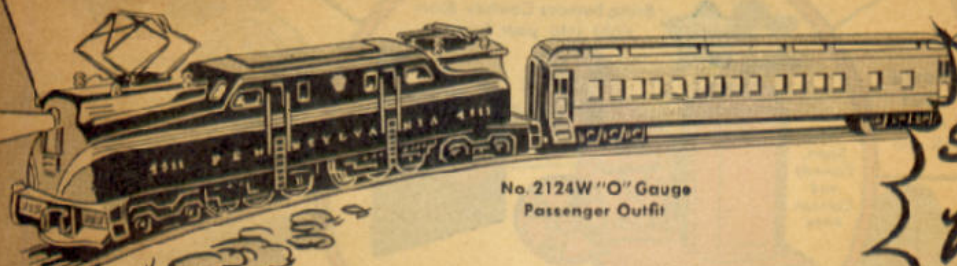
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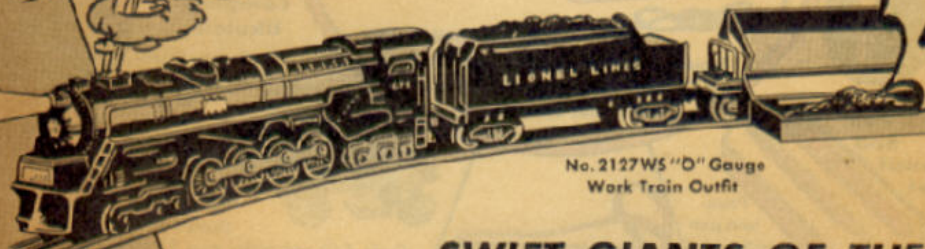


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No. 2127WS "O" Gauge
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SMOKE!
Whistle!
ELECTRONIC CONTROL!

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Boys!
Girls!

PRIZES GIVEN



WRIST WATCH



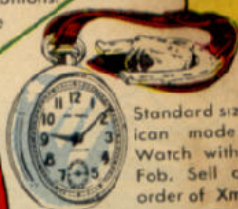
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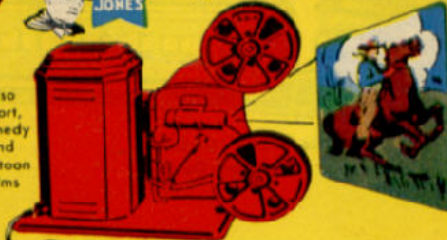


Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror—beautifully decorated. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.

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Get this 16MM Excel Projector, including cord and 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. All given. Sell one order plus \$3.50 extra.

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Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.

Touchdown!



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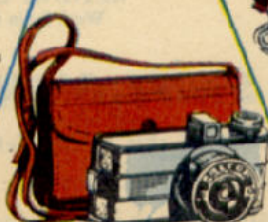


Fountain pen with matching automatic pencil. Sell one order

SWEETHEART DOLL



Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.

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All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Belt. Sell only one order

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MORE PRIZES

shown in our big prize sheet
Roy Rogers Gun
Train and Track Set
Reflex Camera
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Overnight Bag
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Hunting Knife
Alarm Clock
Wood Burning Set
Fishing Outfit

OUR
29th YEAR

BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 515 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,
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Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

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or R.F.D. Box _____

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State _____